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MARCH

Liberty

How the F. B. I. Finds Disloyal Government Workers **By J. Edgar Hoover** • Exclusive Washington News **By Drew Pearson**

I LOVE Southern Cooking!: A Reply

A Certain Rich Man **By Vincent Sheean**

MARCH
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"One of Gardner's best; you don't want to miss it."— CLEVELAND NEWS

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Lola Allred was too pretty for Bob Fleetwood to act so disinterested—even lazy! But who could fall in love with a girl people called "murderess"?

HOW would you like to have a glamorous client who keeps jumping *back* into hot water as fast as you pull her out? That's Perry Mason's problem—and her name is Lola Allred.

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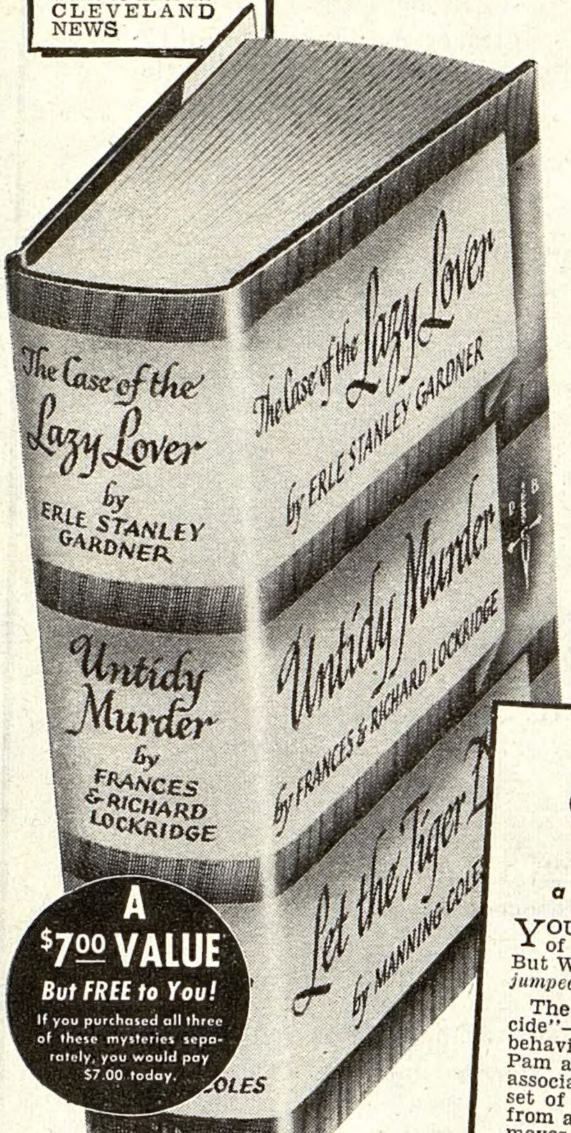

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Let the Tiger Die
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TOMMY HAMBLEDON of British Intelligence is supposed to be on a holiday. *But* . . . An anonymous German is kidnapped by a sinister trio of "Middle Europeans" in a big sedan. Tommy is right behind in hot pursuit. The German succeeds in jumping out of the car. He hands Tommy a strange packet. "Santa Brigida," he whispers. Then he dies.

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Genius Jose Iturbi!...

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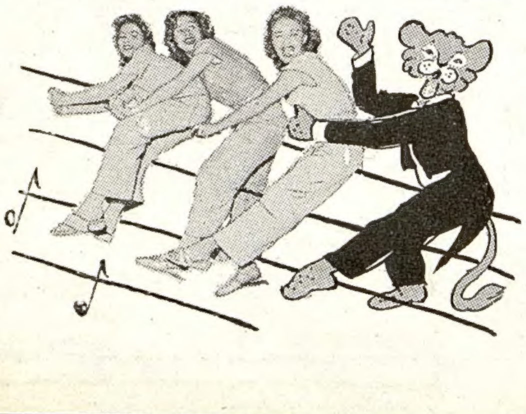

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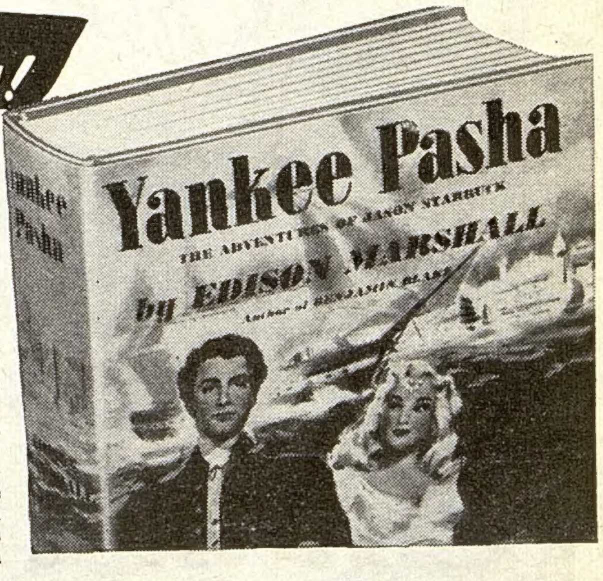
TWO STRANGE LOVES THRILLED AND TORMENTED HIM!

He followed his love around the world!

"YANKEE PASHA" By Edison Marshall



For years young Jason searched for Roxanna, the girl who had fled from her husband on her wedding night. Halfway across the world he wandered—intriguing, lusting, warring—until he duelled with a master and won a young, untouched girl as his prize! Fierce little Lilith was a vision of paradise in her body and a wildcat in her heart—but Jason tamed her by falling in love with her. Then, suddenly, he found Roxanna—and had to choose between the two loves which bound him!

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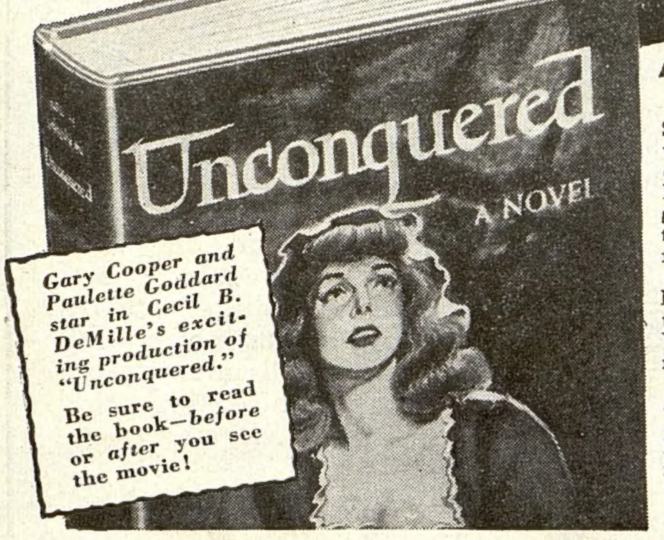
"I BOUGHT THIS WOMAN —AND MEAN TO KEEP HER!"

The amazing adventures of a beautiful slave girl and her owner!

"UNCONQUERED" By Neil H. Swanson



Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard star in Cecil B. DeMille's exciting production of "Unconquered."

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She was a slave girl—a flame-tressed, defiant young vixen—condemned to be the *property* of the highest bidder! She was so desirable that big Chris Holden outbid everyone for her, and didn't even get her home! Captured by Senecas, she was sentenced to die because of her beauty. But Chris found her—snatched her from the Indians' fire—and escaped with her into the wilderness. Then he fell in love with her . . . but didn't know that the destiny of the entire New World would depend on the magnificent events which followed!

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☐ **Nothing So Strange** ☐ **Silver Nutmeg**

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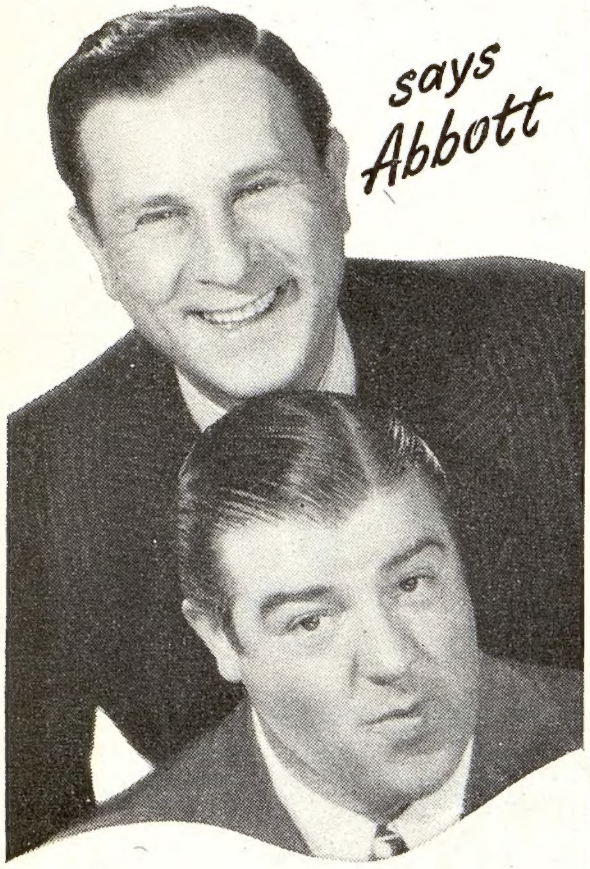

"YES," says Costello, *"never any question about who's on first with relief. It's Tums!"*

Sure, Tums are always first—so handy, so dependable whenever acid indigestion strikes! Just one or two tasty Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums settle sour stomach, relieve gas, heartburn and that bloated feeling in seconds. No soda in Tums—no raw, harsh alkali—so no risk of overalkalizing and irritating your delicate stomach. No mixing or stirring, either—Tums are easy to take as candy mints. And when you can't sleep because of acid upset, don't count sheep—count on Tums for a good night's rest. Get *genuine* Tums for the tummy. Nothing *handier,* nothing *surer,* nothing *faster!*

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EAT LIKE CANDY
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TUMS

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Liberty ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Day of Gracie

Columbus, Ohio—In Predictions of Things to Come in 1948, by Gracie Allen (January), Gracie mentions spending 365 days with her husband, George, next year. Am I being too impolite in asking with whom she is going to spend the other day? Remember, there are 366 days in 1948, according to my calendar.

GROUND HOG DAY?

Or is she impersonating Greta Garbo for that day, and "wants to be alone"?—*Cleona K. Bevard.*

Boone, Iowa—George is no doubt happy that he will have one day of peace during 1948! With all due apologies to Gracie. —*Chas. M. Piper.*

Are We Bowing!

Kenosha, Wis. — One newsstand in Kenosha has the following motto inscribed in gold letters above the magazine rack:

For reading that is sublime
And only costs a dime
Buy Liberty for its name:
It treats its readers all the
same.
—*Carl Anthony Butera.*

From the Editor's Mail

New York, N. Y.—Stacy V. Jones wrote a piece for your December number called What Makes Henry Run. In it occurs this paragraph:

"When he started work [at the New Republic], there were a number of candidates for the job of his secretary. Wallace announced that he would interview only Negro applicants, and chose a lively girl named Mrs. Viola Scott."

Mr. Wallace interviewed a number of candidates for the position, most of them white. Mrs. Viola Scott was chosen solely on the basis of her past experience and ability.

It is unfortunate that your writer should raise, unnecessarily, an issue of racial distinction. Mrs. Scott is not the only Negro girl who occupies a post of responsibility in a predominantly white organization, where efficiency and intelligence are the requirements to be met.—*Daniel Mebane, Treasurer, New Republic.*

One for the Dream Book

Daytona Beach, Fla. — Why not sponsor a movement urging both the Democratic and Republican parties to nominate the same ticket? Just for the record, and in order to keep up the competitive spirit of the two parties, the Democratic and Republican conventions could still be held and the regular political battles and mud-slinging could be indulged in for all the minor offices.

To make this dream a bit more perfect, each party could donate a half million dollars toward world-wide relief, as they would save more than this amount by being relieved of the Presidential battle.—*Roland D. Barze.*

Anybody Blushing?

Moline, Ill.—I have my idea of the most dangerous man in the United States. It's a public official who, while we are trying to build a United Nations at home, says we should drop atom bombs on Russia . . . or the citizen who is too lazy and careless to get out and vote, but cries his eyes out because he doesn't have clean politics.—*Charles Cranmer.*

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8						
9					■	
10				■	11	
12			■	13		
14		■	15			
■	16	17				■
18				■	19	20
21			■	22		
23		■	24			
	■	25				
26	27					
28						

ACROSS

1 *Put odes* properly and you have it
8 There's a hare in this X-country hotfooter
9 *A gale* among the seaweed
10 *Elsa,* shut up!
11 501, or one half a dime
12 Long or short, it's heavy
13 Music to the auction ear
14 Ring Lardner wrote of your knowi , him
15 He burned them up, so they burned him up, *Suhs!*
16 Shopping list *mites*
18 *Moat* for fission?
19 *Si* exists
21 One thing Jimmy Durante isn't
22 Who wrote The College Widow and was fabulous?
23 Theodosius Shanagrammius (init.)
24 He had a Harte life in literature
25 Chaucer called it quaint
26 *Rip toes* with a comeback thrust
28 Kind of twin

DOWN

1 Kind of daisy, *cf.* —— Cottage Small by a Waterfall!
2 *Lithe opals* of cultural Stone Age
3 Poked with hands and feet, it will *groan* windily
4 Mt. Curtain behind Iron Curtain
5 Gullet clutcher
6 Fill this with ease
7 Whirling Willies, devotees of St. Vitus?
11 *Sid sent sid* among no-men
13 Deflation, inflation, or flation—he's broke
15 This suffered a considerable letdown
17 Dad's been playing with it since Xmas
18 Chrysanthemums with haircuts
20 Easy, teasy amorous roost
22 *Raise* the sitting room from a hot seat
24 An inflated bust
25 He can reckon with the *PCA*
27 Pair of black eyes

M	A	R	T	I	N	I
A	G	E	■	N	A	N
R	E	D	S	K	I	N
I	S	■	K	■	L	I
N	■	B	I	G	■	N
E	V	E	N	I	N	G
■	I	N	F	R	A	■
S	P	E	L	L	E	R
T	■	S	I	S	■	O
I	N	■	N	■	D	A
C	E	N	T	A	U	R
K	A	Y	■	I	K	E
S	P	E	E	D	E	R

February Answer

Two Favorite "Entertainments" of a Century Ago

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Ludlow's Kentucky Comedians and Crow's Kentucky Whiskey

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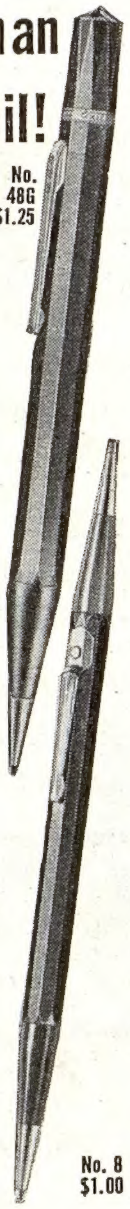

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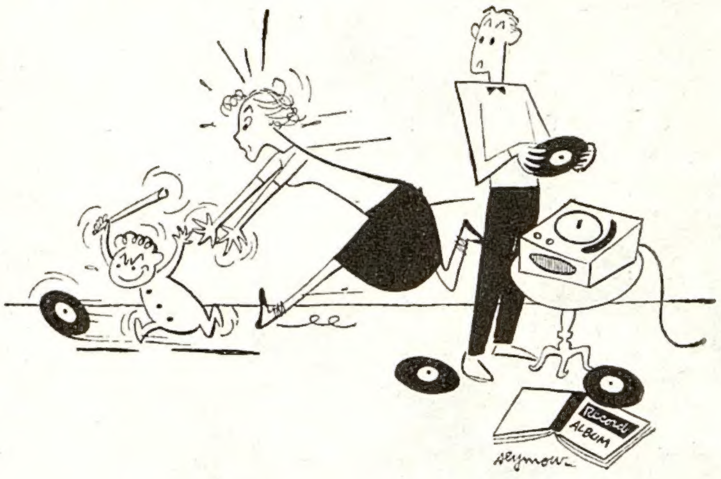
★ RECORDS ★

ABOUT SONG REVIVALS



BY PERRY COMO

IF you're one of those folks who go for the romantic old tunes, you'll want some of the current record releases. For instance, there's a song which goes way back, Gonna Get a Girl, sung by the talented composer-pianist, Hoagy Carmichael, with the Chickadees and Vic Schoen's orchestra. (Decca 24299; list price, 75 cents.)

Then if you feel like some real mood music, get Stardust and Sentimental Journey, an instrumental duo played by David Rose and his orchestra. Dave does his usual masterful job. (M-G-M 30058; list price, 75 cents.)

If you want a fitting gift for that special person in your life, try an album entitled St. Valentine Day, by none other than Bing Crosby. El Bingo sings such old standard love lilts as You and I, Miss You, I'll Be Seeing You, I Love You, and I Love You Truly. (Decca A-621; list price, $3.75.)

In the sentimental department we find my radio pal, Arthur Godfrey, singing I'd Give a Million Tomorrows (For Just One Yesterday) coupled with Lay My Head Beneath a Rose. Poor Arthur won't receive a penny in royalties from this because he was paid a flat fee at the time it was recorded several years ago. (He has my sympathy, because I'm in the same boat with lots of platters I did way back when.) (Decca Collector's Series 25336; list price, 75 cents.)

And still more "oldies but goodies" is the new Eddy Howard Album, a collection of such all-time favorites as Stardust, Exactly Like You, Miss You, Sing Me a Song of the Island, Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, Mean to Me, Jealous, and Yours. The popular Mr. Howard handles the vocals on these himself, with Lou Adrian's orchestra supplying the musical background. (Columbia C-158; list price, $3.75.)

Yours truly also likes to recall old songs now and then, as witnessed by my latest release. I chose two numbers which have been long-time favorites and will probably be just as popular a hundred years from now: All the World and Its Gold, and Because. Russ Case and his orchestra give me excellent support. (Victor 20-2653; list price, 60 cents.)

Do you remember the beautiful old Irving Berlin tune, What'll I Do? You'll be hearing it a lot because it's being given the revival treatment in a big way. One of the best renditions is by the King Cole Trio, with a fine vocal by Cole. In contrast, the backing is a brand-new bounce ditty, I Feel So Smoochie. (Capitol 15019; list price, 75 cents.)

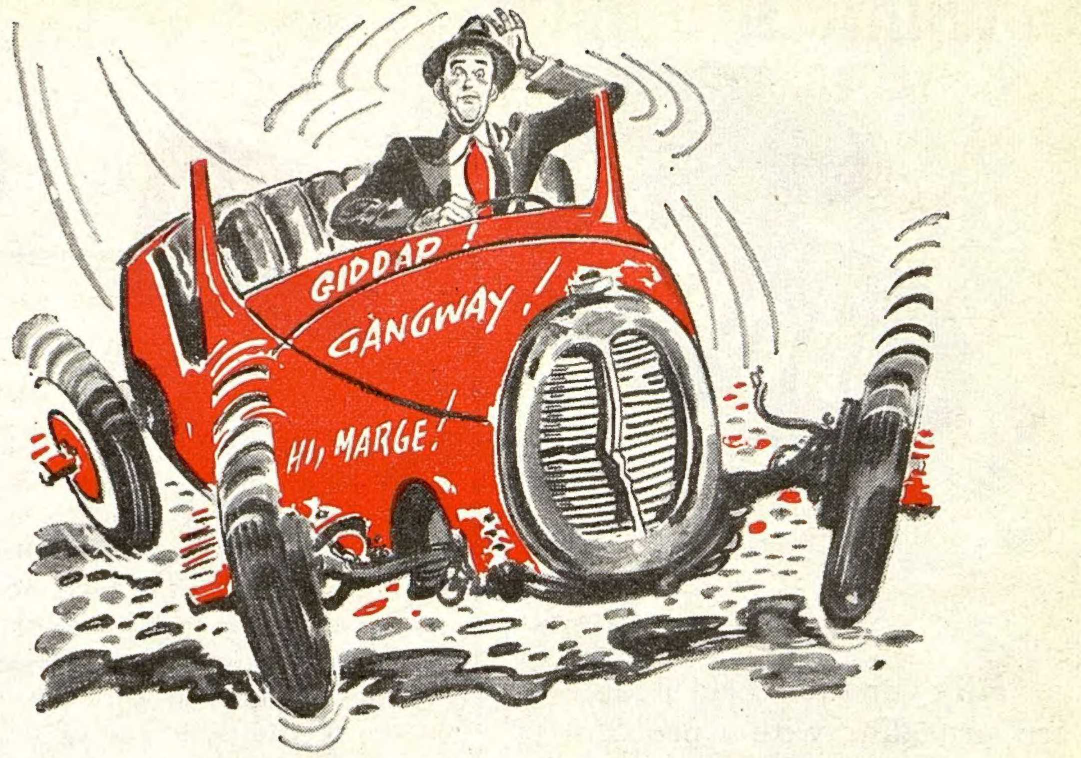
Liberty

★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

WITH this issue, Drew Pearson becomes Liberty's new Washington columnist. Robert S. Allen, for the past year Liberty's Washington columnist, goes over to Collier's. We congratulate our estimable competitor for having acquired such a distinguished and able reporter. Meanwhile Liberty readers are assured continued top-flight Washington coverage by Bob Allen's old pal and former co-columnist, the famous Drew Pearson.

LIBERTY this month also has a new publisher. He is Franklin S. Forsberg, one-time vice-president and director of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., and, more recently, top brass of that unforgettable weekly magazine of World War II, Yank. Mr. Forsberg has the distinction of having been a colonel whose job it was to head up a publication reflecting the interests of enlisted men. As former G.I.s well remember, nary a glint of brass shone through the uninhibited columns of Yank. Liberty readers may be equally certain that Mr. Forsberg will be as responsive to their needs.

THE April Liberty will be up to snuff in every department. There's a fascinating political-dope story by Republican Congressman Edward H. Jenison, entitled WHY DEWEY CAN'T BE NOMINATED. . . . Cobina Wright gives you an intimate word portrait of Philip Mountbatten in THE MAN WHO MARRIED A PRINCESS. . . . The April Liberty book condensation is Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's A GUIDE TO CONFIDENT LIVING. . . . You'll want to read, too, a fine short short story by Eddie Cantor. It reveals a side of this star comic which you may never have suspected. . . . In addition, there are great short stories, articles, and picture stories. Drew Pearson will have more Washington exclusives for you, and Ted Shane his brace of puzzling puzzles. All for a dime!—*D. B.*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GANGWAY!
HI, MARGE!

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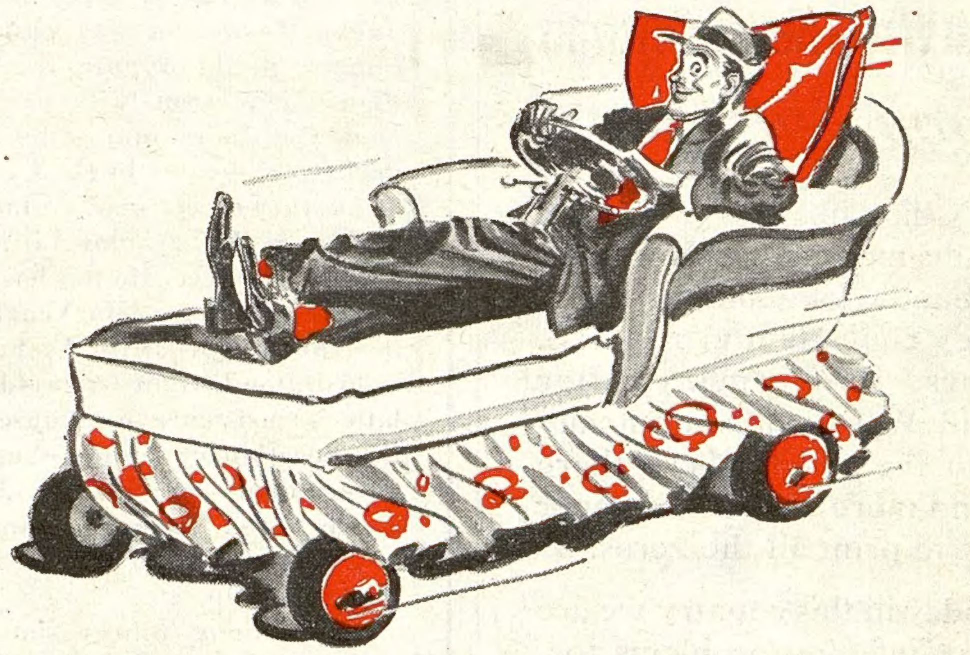

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WHAT IS

THE PUBLIC
INFLATION

All over the world people are struggling with a problem called "Inflation."

To "solve" its inflation problems, the Soviet Government recently issued a ruthless decree ordering the Russian people to turn in their money to the Government banks at the rate of 10 old rubles for one new one. (They did this "joyfully" according to the communist press.)

In China inflation has grown so bad a man can scarcely carry the bundle of Chinese paper money equivalent to 100 U. S. dollars. In Germany, after World War I, inflation finally got to the point where there was no more room on a paper mark to print all the zeros.

Today in this country we are having inflation problems too, even though the good old U. S. dollar is still a valuable thing to have in one's pocket. How much value our dollars will continue to have depends on many things, but inflation—or "high prices"—is sure to be our number one economic question in 1948.

If you would like to know more about Inflation and its causes in simple, non-technical terms, write for pamphlet 55-J.

SMALL BUSINESS
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Liberty ★ WASHINGTON ★

SHAKE-UP • **A big shake-up is in the making in the State Department. A number of high-placed diplomats are due to be kicked upstairs or out altogether. Some will be axed because of bungling, others for stepping on too many toes.**

Loy Henderson, Director of Near Eastern Affairs, is one of the latter. His long undercover ballplaying with the Arabs, often in direct contradiction to official U. S. policy, has stirred up a hornets' nest of enmity against him both in and out of the State Department. One member of the potent Senate Foreign Relations Committee went so far as to serve notice that unless Henderson was replaced, the senator would oppose the Marshall Plan. Henderson will probably be booted upstairs into some ambassadorial post—most likely Turkey.

Another career man earmarked for a shift is Ambassador Lincoln MacVeagh in Greece. He too has incurred Congressional ire. MacVeagh has repeatedly clashed with U. S. Aid Administrator Dwight Griswold over the latter's insistence on house-cleaning the reactionary and corrupt Greek government and army. Junketing congressmen returned from Europe last year with demands for MacVeagh's scalp.

Top among others slated to be replaced are Ambassador W. Bedell Smith, U.S.S.R.; Ambassador James C. Dunn, Italy; Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, France; and Robert Butler, Australia.

Age-Conscious • One thing is certain when Patrick J. Hurley makes his third try for U. S. Senator from New Mexico this year: The former Secretary of War and Ambassador to China will soft-pedal the fact that he is 65 years old. Hurley is very sensitive about his age.

An Army colonel got a pointed lesson on that during the war. At a Chungking reception in Hurley's honor, he appeared in formal military regalia emblazoned with a veritable garden patch of ribbons and decorations. The colonel, an old China hand, eyed the array with awe.

"From the looks of things, sir," he observed, "you've been decorated for just about every action as far back as Shays' Rebellion."

Hurley frowned disapprovingly but said nothing. However, several days later the colonel received a letter from his commanding officer reprimanding him "for remarks reflecting on Ambassador Hurley's age."

Merry-Go-Round • **President Truman's favorite breakfast is prune or tomato juice, oatmeal, one slice of toast, and a cup of coffee, black. . . . A life-size statue of General George S. Patton will be erected this year at West Point by the U. S. Third Army Association. . . . Pacific Coast women are taller than those of any other section, according to a study compiled by the Quartermaster Corps. . . . Both the Republican and Democratic national conventions will be televised. . . . General Dwight D. Eisenhower has declined a six-figure sum for his war memoirs.**

Forecaster • Louis Bean, ace Agriculture Department statistician, is not a meteorologist. But he's such a whiz at figures that the Department's weather experts ask Bean to fix the date for the Department's annual picnic.

Nerve-Racking Job • **Former Secretary of State James Byrnes has had a widely varied career—lawyer, U. S. Senator, Supreme Court Justice, War Mobilization Director, and diplomat. But of them all, he found book writing the toughest. The genial high-powered South Carolinian relates this story to explain the reason why:**

A planter assigned a new hired hand to digging fence posts. To the planter's surprise, the job was completed days before he anticipated. So the hired man was put to clearing a large wooded area. Again the job was finished in unexpected fast order. The planter was delighted, but the other farm hands threatened to quit.

To keep peace, the fast worker was given an easy job—sorting apples. Things appeared to be going well for a couple of hours, when sud-

By DREW PEARSON

denly the hired man keeled over in a dead faint. When he revived, the planter said, "You certainly are a strange one. I give you two tough jobs and you go through them like a hot knife through butter. But on an easy job, you pass out."

"What do you mean, easy job?" was the rejoinder. "The strain of deciding what apples were good and what weren't damned near killed me."

New Department • It's been overlooked, but a big fight is shaping up on Capitol Hill over the creation of a Department of Public Health and Welfare. Bipartisan, sponsored by Ohio's Republican Senator Taft and Arkansas' Democratic Senator Fulbright, the proposal would assemble a number of allied agencies under a new Cabinet officer. The agencies are the Social Security Administration, Public Health Service, Office of Education, Bureau of Employees' Compensation, and Women's Bureau.

The idea of a Department of Public Health and Welfare has long been favored by experts in these fields. Taft is determined to get action on his bill as a boost to his Presidential campaign. Senate approval is practically certain. The big uncertainty is the House.

I Predict • **That William Hutchinson, president of the powerful A.F.L. carpenters' union, will be appointed chairman of the Republican National Committee's Labor Campaign Committee. . . . Congress will pass a tax-reduction bill over President Truman's veto. . . . Princess Elizabeth and her husband will visit the United States in June of this year. . . . Earl Mountbatten will be named by the Labor government as the British Ambassador to Washington. . . . After the Jap peace treaty has been concluded, Emperor Hirohito will abdicate in favor of his 14-year-old son Prince Akihito. . . . Despite numerous reports to the contrary, Democratic Executive Director Gael Sullivan will not resign. . . . John L. Lewis will oppose re-election of President Truman. . . . The U. S. Treasury will have a balance of $3,000,000,000 at the close of this fiscal year.**

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Says Mr. T.
MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 No 2

It's easy to match Jumbo's memory with Dixon Ticonderoga . . . the pencil that helps you remember!

Write with its strong, smooth leads . . . see their clean, legible, easy to read and easy to remember outlines. That gay green and yellow Plastip holds the eraser in an everlasting grip. All good reasons why you're not likely to forget

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Germs? Sniffles?
Wet Feet? Sore Throat?
LOOK OUT FOR A COLD!
Gargle
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

WHEN somebody coughs or sneezes on you...When you've been in a draft, or your feet are cold or wet . . . look out for a cold! Get started with Listerine Antiseptic right off.

You see, anything that lowers body resistance makes it easier for threatening germs called "secondary invaders" to stage a mass invasion of throat tissue and start trouble.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic, gargled early and often, fights against such a mass invasion . . . may "nip a cold in the bud". . . or lessen its severity once it has started *because Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including such "secondary invaders".*

Repeated clinical tests have shown that Listerine Antiseptic actually reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

Fewer Colds . . . Milder Colds

Remember also that, in tests made during twelve years, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
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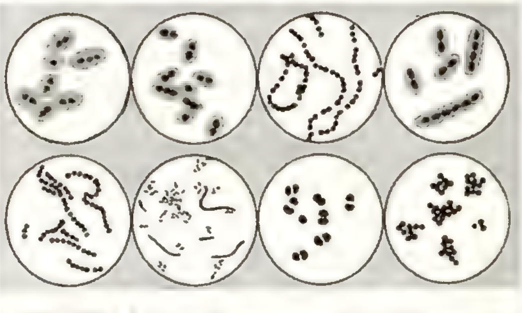
"SECONDARY INVADERS"



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

HOW THE F. B. I. FINDS DISLOYAL GOVERNMENT WORKERS

The F. B. I. chief reveals, for the first time, the sleuthing techniques used in uncovering subversives

BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

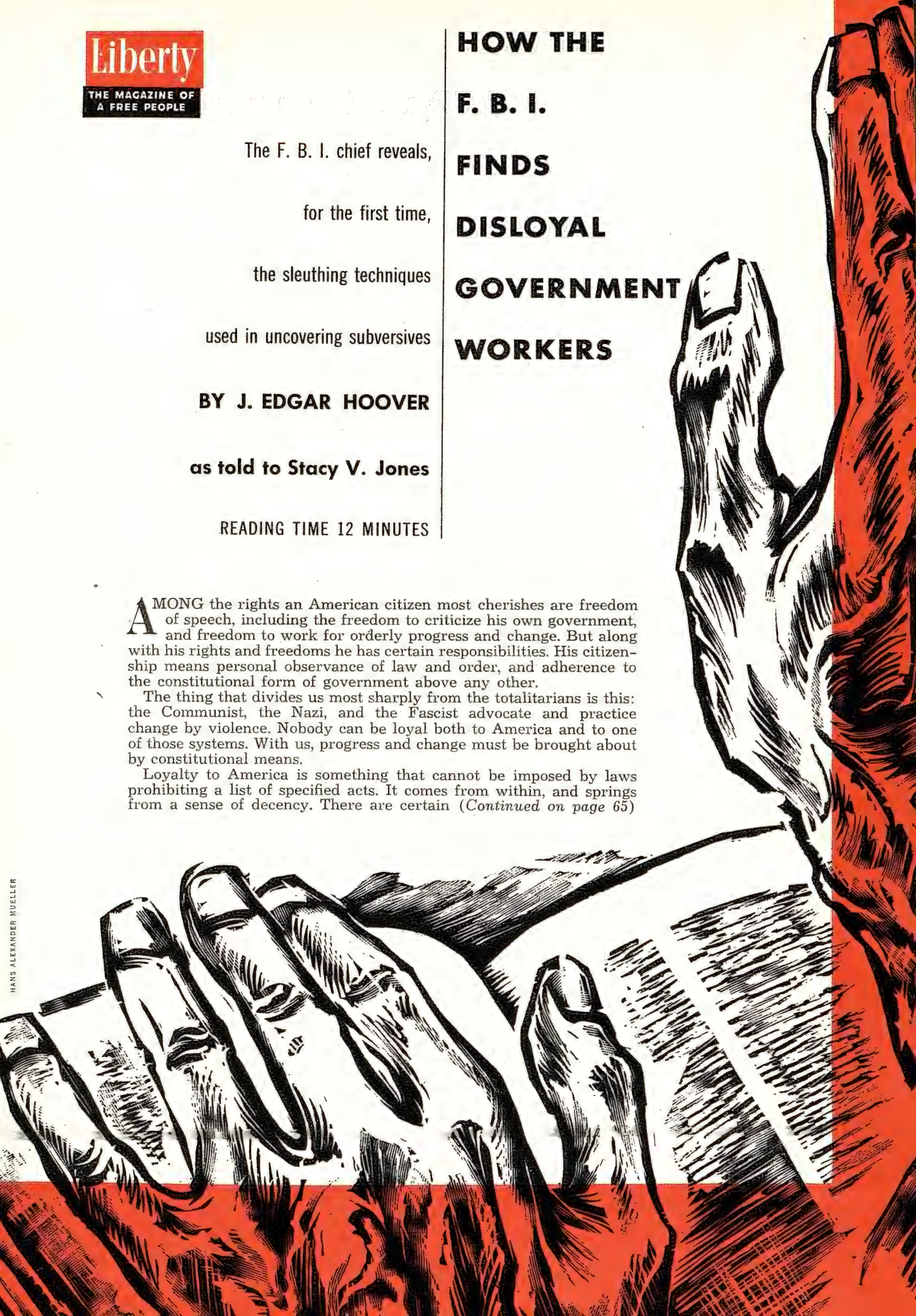
as told to Stacy V. Jones

READING TIME 12 MINUTES

AMONG the rights an American citizen most cherishes are freedom of speech, including the freedom to criticize his own government, and freedom to work for orderly progress and change. But along with his rights and freedoms he has certain responsibilities. His citizenship means personal observance of law and order, and adherence to the constitutional form of government above any other.

The thing that divides us most sharply from the totalitarians is this: the Communist, the Nazi, and the Fascist advocate and practice change by violence. Nobody can be loyal both to America and to one of those systems. With us, progress and change must be brought about by constitutional means.

Loyalty to America is something that cannot be imposed by laws prohibiting a list of specified acts. It comes from within, and springs from a sense of decency. There are certain *(Continued on page 65)*



HANS ALEXANDER MUELLER

MR. MUDGETT MAKES A BREAK

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

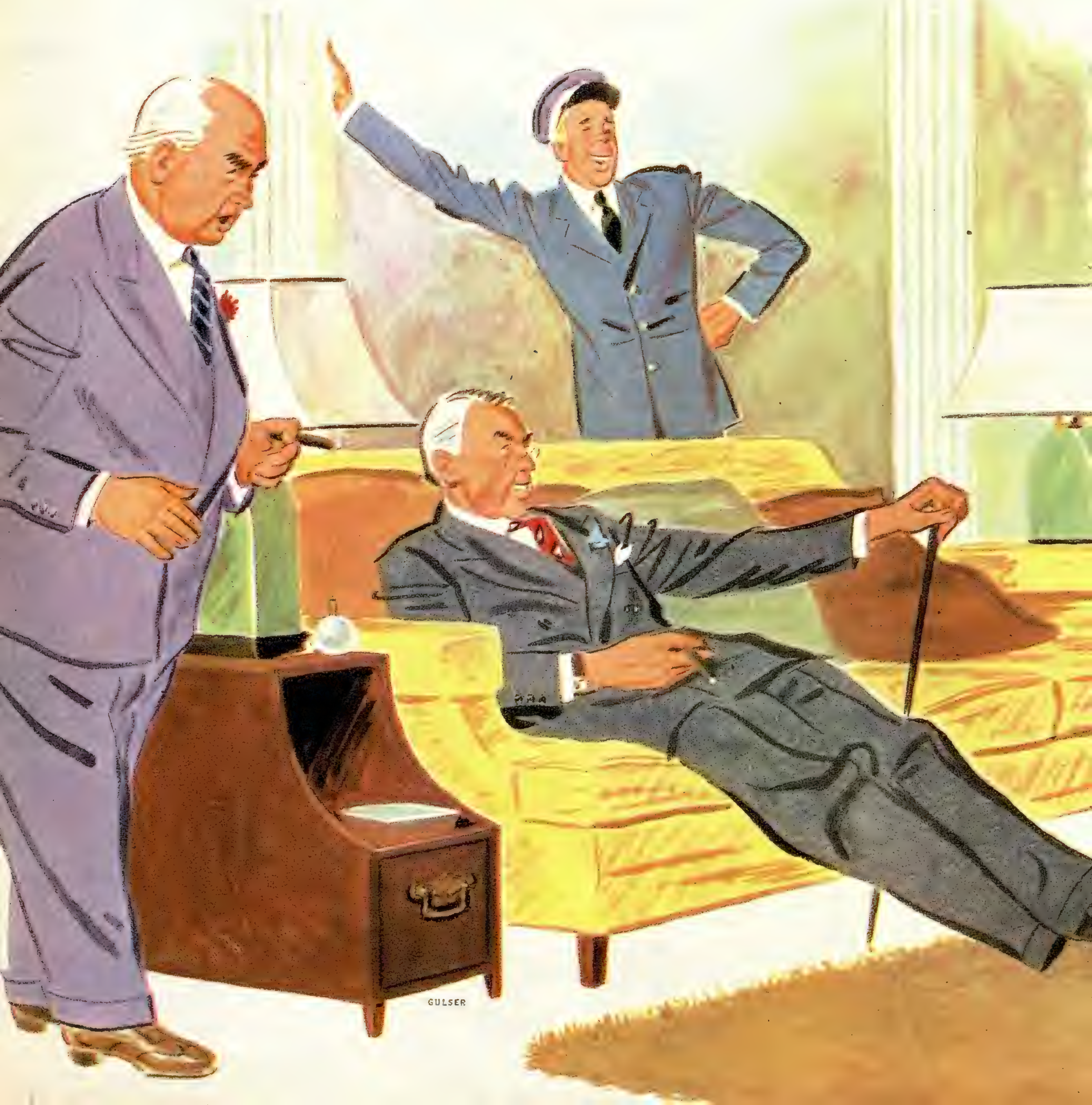
MR. MUDGETT walked down the path, swinging his gold-handled cane blithely. As he passed by the big iron gate he nodded at the officer on guard. "Beautiful day, Morris," he said. "By the way, I wish you'd tell the man who brings the morning paper to deposit it in my room instead of in the hall. Mr. Sigismund found it yesterday and ate the financial page. I could have forgiven him if he'd eaten the comics, but I do enjoy studying the financial page."

"I'll mention it to him," said Morris. "I understand you're taking treatments from the new doctor?"

"Yes indeed," Mr. Mudgett replied. "He's a fine young chap. Very sincere. I must hurry or I'll be late for my appointment."

ON this particular morning Dr. Benton Jones was frustrated and he was angry. He glared at a letter written on peach-colored stationery as he tore it up. Then he walked to the window and stood

Sanity is relative—in this case, a mysterious Uncle Albert



scowling at the sun-drenched greenery that surrounded Happy Vale Sanitarium.

As Mr. Mudgett entered, Bent blanketed his feelings with a stiff professional smile. "Good morning," he said. "Please lie down on the couch." He pulled the Venetian blinds, picked up his notebook, and sat on a chair beside Mr. Mudgett. "Just relax," he said. "I will endeavor to direct your thoughts, but you tell me anything that comes into your mind."

"May I ask what you're trying to do?" inquired Mr. Mudgett.

"I'm seeking the root of your trouble—the cause. There must be a cause."

"Of course," agreed Mr. Mudgett. "I think my condition was caused by monotony. I was a college professor for twenty years."

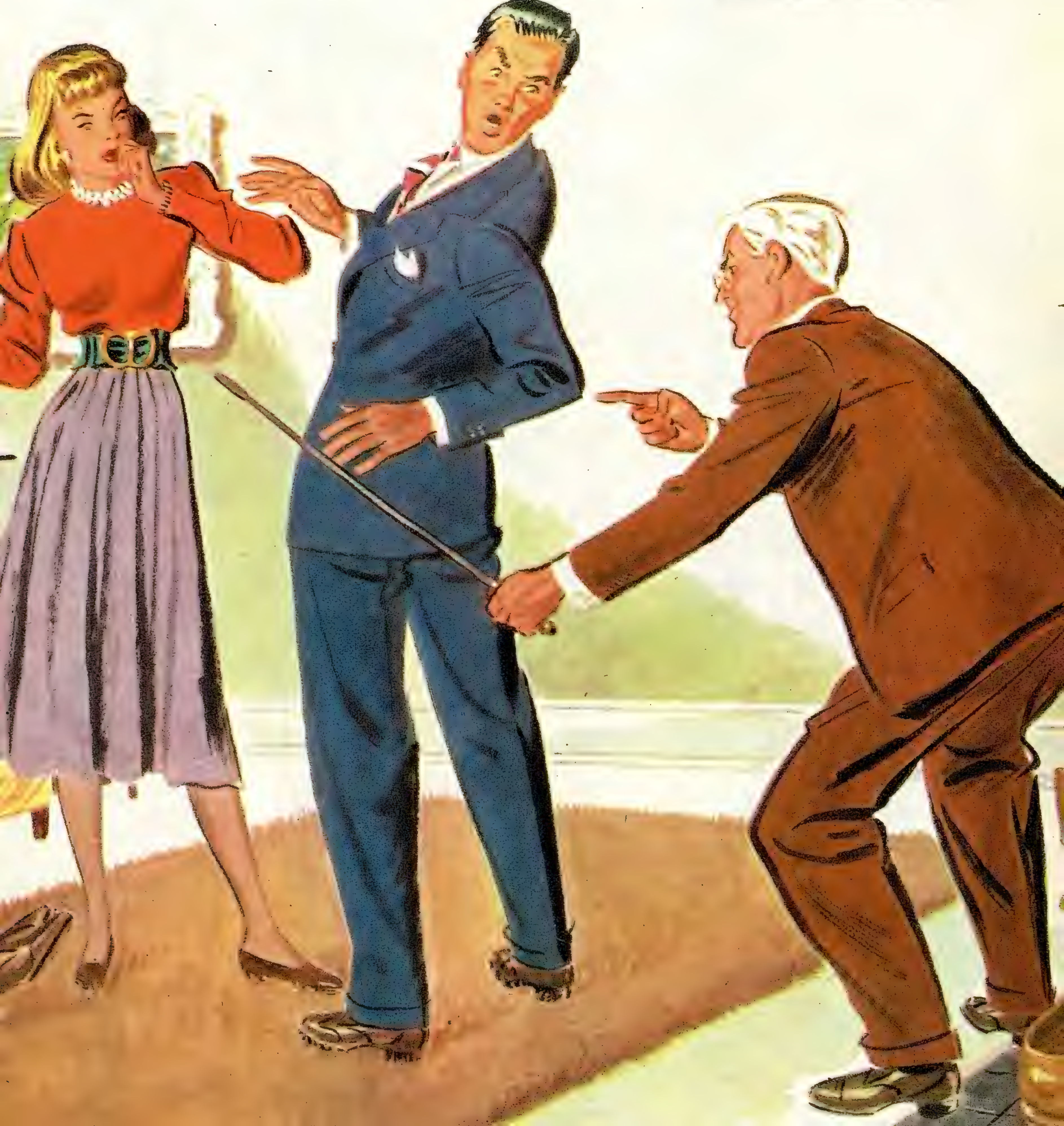
"When did you experience your first attack?" Bent asked.

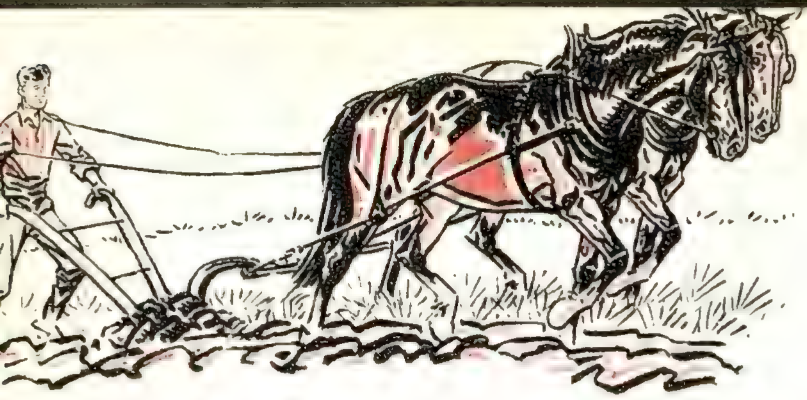
"Attack?" Mr. Mudgett looked perplexed. "Oh, you mean when did I change? Well, I was up in the clock tower one evening, viewing the campus, when I noticed a shot-putting ball lying on the floor—an unusual object to find in a clock tower. Then I turned my attention to the carillon, a gift to the school from Otis Parmenter, whom I had flunked sixteen years previously. A strange feeling rose within me. I picked up the ball, balanced it in one hand and hurled it through a plate-glass window into the middle of the carillon. You should have heard

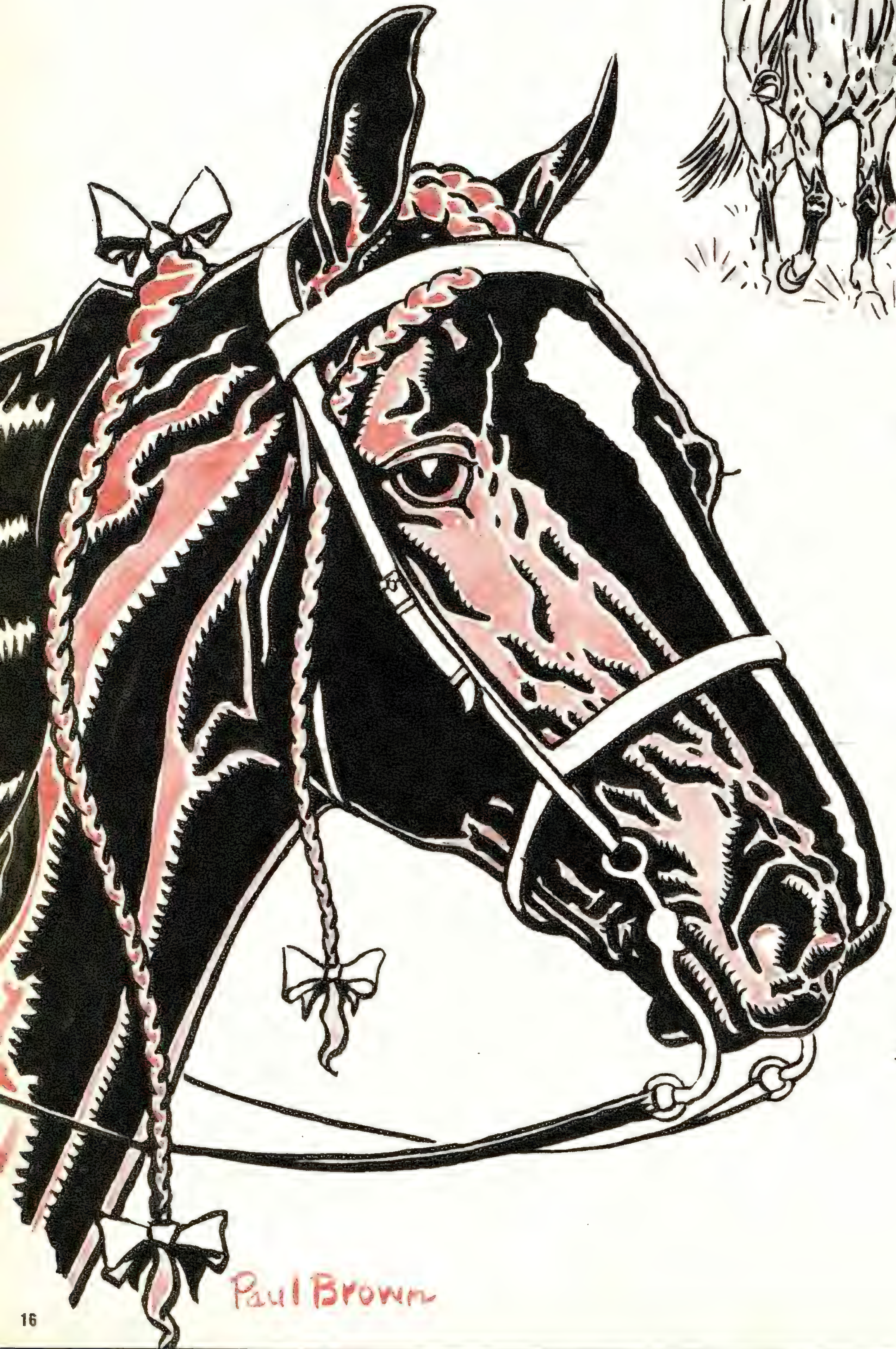
(Continued on page 50)

BY CRAWFORD SULLIVAN

"You murderers!" Hooper raged, picking up a poker. "Stay where you are. I'm calling the police!" "I don't think it's necessary," someone said.







The Tennessee walker has
strolled out of the
plowed field
into the big money,
doing what comes
more or less naturally

BY SARA ALDERMAN

GLIDIN', RIDIN'—TENNESSEE STYLE

READING TIME●4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

DOWN in Tennessee the Tennessee walking horse has quietly walked himself out of the farms and into the big money at every important show ring in the country, in less than three decades. He's walked home with buyers' offers of up to $50,000 on his head, and a nationwide following of equestrians who have found him the answer to a beginning rider's prayer—the horse that is kind to humans. Unlike other saddle breeds, the walking horse has a springy, air-float action which makes for comfortable, shock-absorbed riding. The intense interest in the walking horse is due to the hard work of a group of Tennessee farmers who saw the possibility of developing the walker into a fine luxury saddle horse. So successful were their efforts that plutocrats have, to purchase the animal of their choice, come up with fantastic sums.

That the walker became a perfected, distinct show breed in less than three decades is mainly due to the efforts of A. M. Dement of Wartrace, Tennessee, whose hobby, until his death in 1940, was horse breeding. Combining trial-and-error breeding methods and scientific animal husbandry, Dement carried on endless experiments in crossing saddle-horse strains to produce a better and more profitable walker.

Henry Davis, an associate of Dement who still has a training stable at Wartrace, brought Giovanni, famous American saddle stallion, to Middle Tennessee to infuse more style and beauty into the walkers.

The walker's natural friendliness and its easygoing disposition have made it a favorite with horse-show fans and riders alike. The walking horse's years of performing farm chores have made it a docile and intelligent horse.

One incident which illustrated the breed's singular calm and courage occurred on a rainy night as an exhibitor was driving three of his prize-winning walkers home in a horse van after a night horse show. The van skidded on the slippery highway and overturned. The trainer, unhurt, forced his way out of the cab and rushed to the back of the van, where he found one of his champion mares with a wooden beam deep in her side, pinning her against the truck. The two other horses stood silently beside her. She lay still while he removed the beam, and was able to return to the show ring several weeks afterward.

The walking horse is a gracefully built, good-looking mount with a long, sloping neck, full flanks, flat, smooth legs, and finely textured hair. Walkers, compared to other horses, are small to medium in size, averaging around fifteen and a half hands in height and approximately 1,200 pounds in weight. Colors include spotless white, gray, chestnut, bay, sorrel, roan yellow, and black.

Its three gaits—the flat-foot walk, the running walk, and the canter—set the walking horse apart from all others, especially the running walk.

In this unusual gait the hind feet overstep the front in a four-beat movement with a speed of up to eight or ten miles an hour. The horse nods its head in rhythm with its feet, which gives balance and poise to the gait. An early Tennessee breeder sold skeptics on the smoothness of this gait by circling the show ring on his walker with a full tumbler of water in his hand. Not a drop spilled.

The flat-foot walk is a lazy, rhythmical version of the running walk.

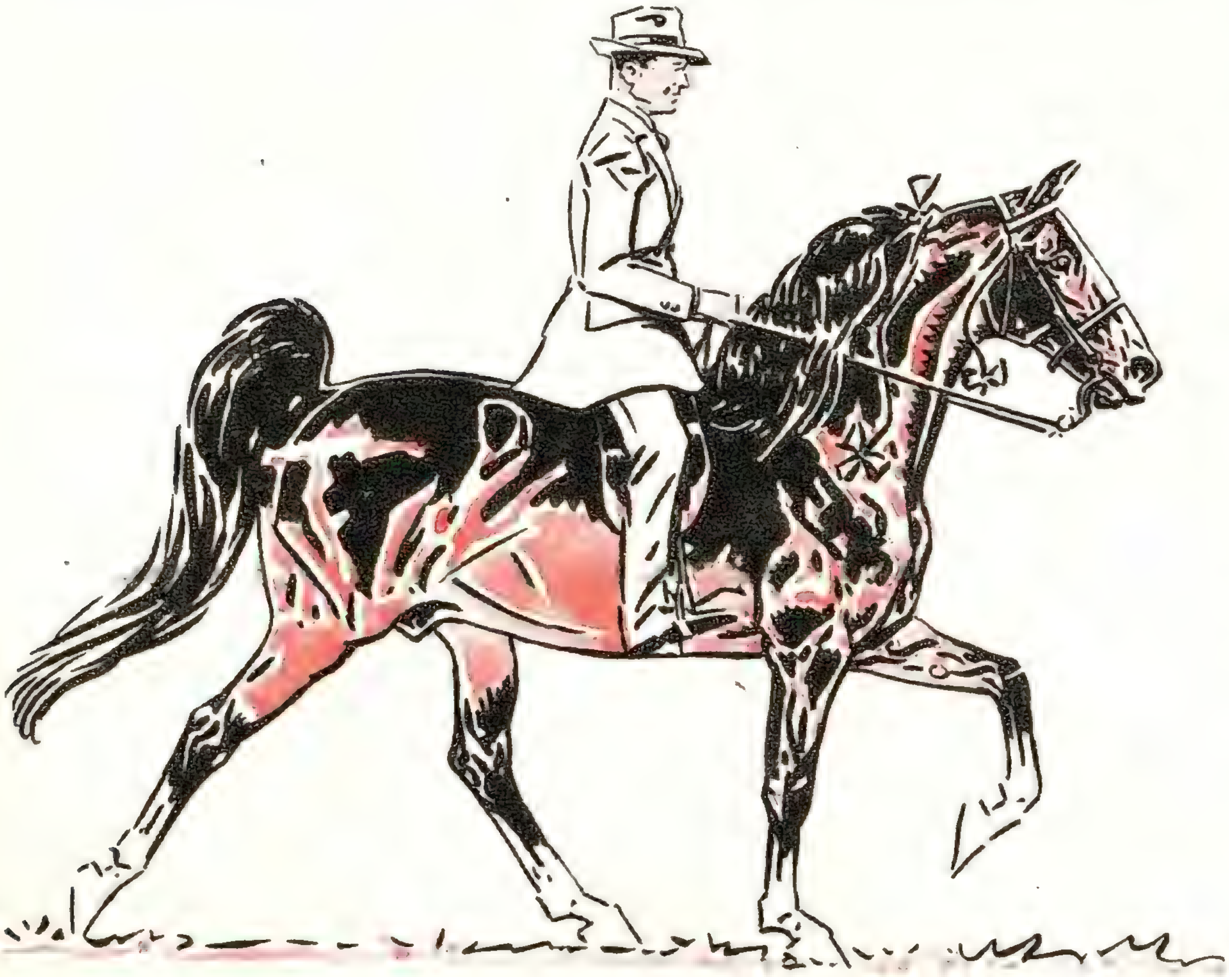
According to Davis, approximately ten times as many walking horses are being raised today as were twenty years ago, and they bring fancy prices too. The annual spring sale held at the Murray farm near Lewisburg this year netted a total of $285,000 for 400 walking horses—averaging better than $700 each. Top price of the day was $6,600.

In the walking-horse kingdom the name which has become a living legend among horse enthusiasts is that of Strolling Jim, a nine-year-old chestnut gelding which is still being shown after a spectacular five-year career of blue-ribbon winning. Strolling Jim won the title of grand champion walking horse of the world in 1939, the first year the honor was given. As a two-year-old he was used to pull a plow and to do general farm work. His value is now well up in the five-figure class.

Strolling Jim's sire, Wilson's Allen, once belonged to a farmer who tried to swap him for a coon dog. The horse later sold for $2,000. At George Streter's stables is a mare for which he paid $67.50 a few years ago. After selling $1,100 worth of colts out of her, he recently turned down a $4,000 offer for the mare.

At the Shelbyville celebration last September, a two-year-old filly was entered in her age class. The day before being exhibited, she was sold for $7,000. After winning first place, she was sold again for $10,500. Thirty days later an offer of $21,000 for the filly was received.

The walking-horse promoters have as their confident slogan, "If you ride one today, you'll own one tomorrow." At the walker's present value, you had better think twice before you swing into the saddle—unless you have just inherited a gold mine.



STASSEN

Other candidates may edge up to the Presidency like a bashful boy courting the village belle, but not Harold Stassen. He will go out on a political limb at the drop of a campaign hat

BY ALDEN HATCH

READING TIME•6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FORMER Governor Harold Edward Stassen of Minnesota is a contradiction in terms—a forthright, outspoken politician. There is nothing coy about Stassen—he airs his views every time he can get his hands on a microphone. And he has views on every possible subject.

He wants very much to be President of the United States. That is not an unusual ambition. The oddity lies in his having announced the fact far ahead of time.

In 1942, despite the groans of his political advisers, Stassen announced that he was a candidate to succeed himself as Governor of Minnesota, but that the people should elect a lieutenant governor who would complete his program, for he was going to resign soon after his inauguration and join the navy. The Minnesotans liked his blunt honesty. They elected him governor and his friend, Edward Thye, lieutenant governor. It remains to be seen if the people of the rest of the United States are equally appreciative of frankness.

Despite his unorthodox methods, Governor Stassen makes a great point of party regularity. In order to keep within the fold, he has swallowed some very bitter pills from the Taft-led Senate Republicans. But Stassen realizes that nothing can be accomplished outside of the framework of one of the major political parties.

In conversation he constantly reiterates the phrase, "I am speaking as one of the leaders of the Republican Party." But it is painfully patent that he wants to lead it in a very different direction from that in which it is headed.

When he got his discharge button, he announced he would sit on the porch of his home in South St. Paul, overlooking the Mississippi, and try to catch up on postwar problems.

As soon as he felt acclimated, Stassen started out after the Republican Presidential nomination. His first move was to re-establish his control of Minnesota by backing his old friend Ed Thye for the Republican senatorial nomination. With Ed in the Senate and his former appointee, young Lincolnesque Joe Ball, as the other Minnesota senator, he had a firm base to start from. He followed this up by announcing his candidacy and opening a small office in Washington in January, 1947.

Campaigning costs money, which is something that Stassen has not. But he has many loyal friends and admirers who believe in him to the extent of putting up the cash. "The Minnesota Fund" is managed by Alfred Lindley and former Governor of Rhode Island William H. Vanderbilt. To avoid personal pressure, no one is allowed to contribute more than $1,000. Quite a number of people seem willing to do that.

In a year of campaigning, Stassen made hundreds of speeches and took a stand on virtually every national and international problem. His position is clearly in line with the great tradition of Progressive Republicanism originated by Theodore Roosevelt and carried on by such men as Norris, Borah, and La Follette. However, he differs sharply from those famous insurgents in his thinking about American foreign policy; instead of isolationism, he favors Wilsonian co-operation.

In search of a better understanding of European problems, Stassen made his first trip to Europe in the spring of 1947. He returned with a more sober and realistic attitude toward the difficulties of achieving a united world, but with an even more fervent faith in the American way of life.

I saw the Governor shortly after his return, while the noise of his friendly interview with Stalin was still reverberating through the world. Almost my first question was: "Do you think Stalin was sincere in what he said to you?"

Stassen answered very cautiously: "There is no way of knowing. Only time can tell. But as we got talking and disagreed, I believe I got down to what he thought."

Asked how we should handle Russia, the Governor said: "We should remain strong and follow wise, humanitarian policies."

(Since then Stassen has apparently become convinced that the Russians are hopelessly intransigent.)

The Governor was emphatic about the stultifying effect of socialization on Europe. "We should shun government ownership like the plague," he said. "I went through twenty-seven European factories. Those under governmental operation were all far below American standards. None compared to private ownership efficiency. The efficiency of the privately owned Swiss watch factories stands out like a beam of light."

"DO you think these proposed laws barring Communists from this and that are a good thing here?" I asked.

The Governor's brow rolled up in three wrinkles of doubt. "In some cases. . . ." Then he went on: "We should expose and overcome Communism, but it should not be outlawed in the sense of letting somebody sit in judgment on who is a Communist and who is not. You can handle Communism best on the basis of American liberties."

Harold Stassen is so big that his mere physical presence gives you

Harold Stassen, who will be 41 in April, has always been in politics. He started by attending political rallies when he was 12.

© HARRIS & EWING

confidence. His slow unfaltering speech is very convincing. In his approach to the daily problems of life, he is a solid, reasonable man. But in his attitude toward people, he is a romantic idealist.

When war came, Stassen joined the navy, after winning the election of 1942 and was assured that capable Ed Thye would carry out his policies.

Lieutenant Commander Harold Stassen joined Admiral Halsey's flagship off Noumea in July, 1943, as flag officer. He handled the job so efficiently that Halsey added the post of Assistant Chief of Staff. Stassen went through many of the battles that cleared the South Pacific. He was decorated four times.

In 1945, President Roosevelt named him an American delegate to the San Francisco Conference, where Stassen used his technique of quiet reasonableness with great effect. The foreign delegates liked and trusted him because, they said, of all the Americans, he alone seemed to take the true world view, or at least the whole national American view, rather than a sectional approach to international problems.

Though Stassen has continued to win friends since the days of the San Francisco Conference, the prospect of achieving his great ambition has not been greatly improved by his campaigning. He will no doubt come into the Republican Convention next June with a respectable number of delegates; but his chances of acquiring a majority of them are remote.

He seems to recognize this by his hints that he might accept the second place on the ticket with a candidate of whom he wholeheartedly approved. There is a touch of desperation in his pseudo-alliance with Senator Taft. These men, who have so little in common, have twice appeared together on the same platform, saying amiable things about each other. The basis of this unnatural partnership can only be a mutual dislike of Governor Dewey. They fear that Dewey will carry the convention in the first few ballots; so, though their ideals are far apart, their interests urge them to a frantic cry of "Stop Dewey!"

If they accomplish this, Stassen and his solid block of delegates may well hold the balance of power in the convention. Then, should his own rally fall short of the mark, he can still aspire to the role of kingmaker, thus achieving a powerful—and beneficent—influence in the counsels of the party, while, secure in his youth, he postpones ambition to a more propitious day. ■ ■

Athlete's Heart

READING TIME•8 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

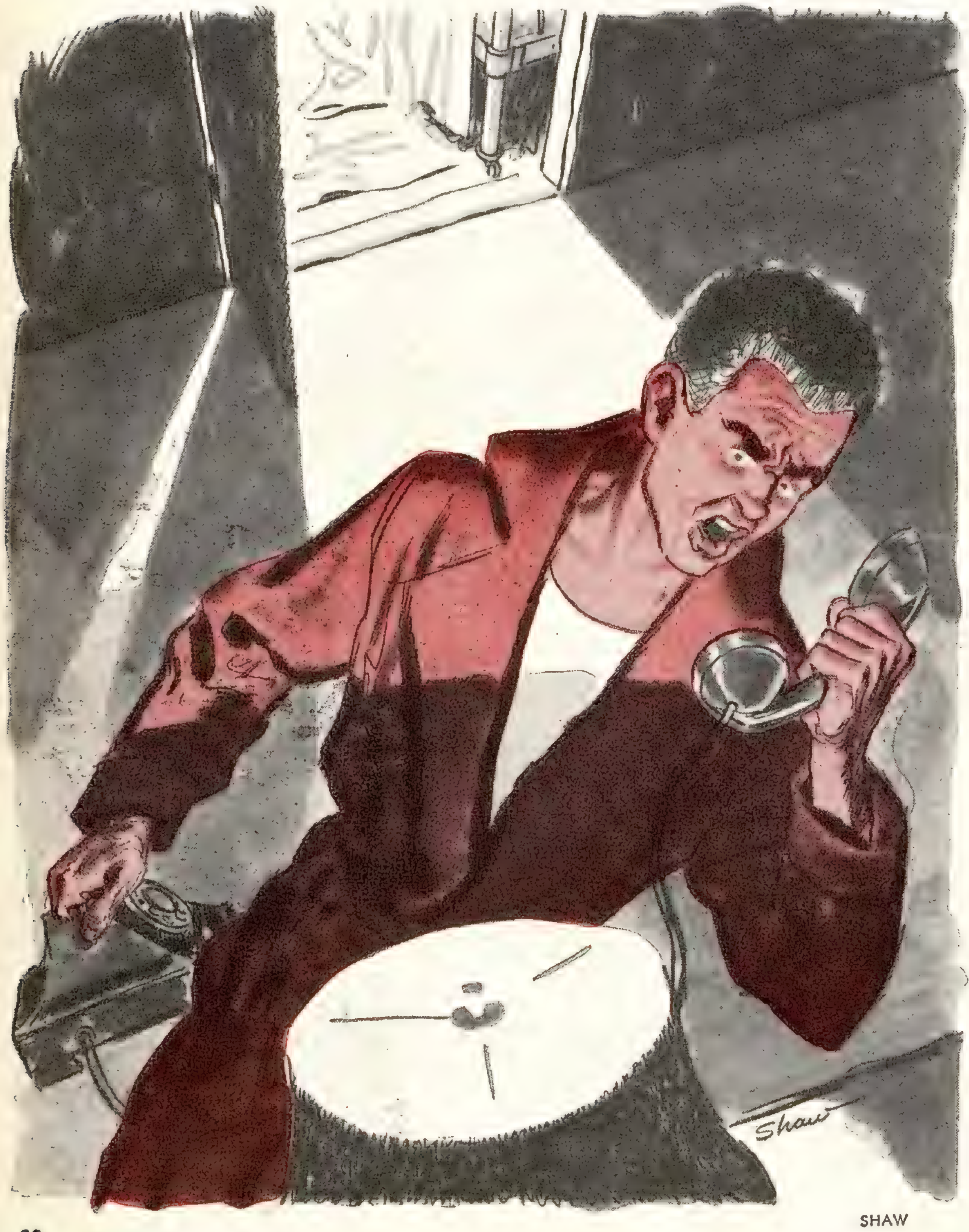
LOOK. I know my worry birds. I've been covering basketball games at the Garden for so many years I can spot an aspirin eater from the press box merely by closing my eyes and listening to him dribble. So take my word for it when I tell you that Danny Blake was a worry bird—great out on the court, but even greater in bed, with a thermometer stuck in his kisser, the smell of medicine in the air, and a stethoscope probing at his chest for signs of you-name-it-he's-got-it. Why, I've seen Danny wearing rubbers when the sun was shining, and once I caught him taking his own pulse while I was interviewing him. You get what I mean? Superb set-shot artist, cannon-ball passer, and an inspired play-maker—but a worry bird.

When he sweated, he worried about catching cold. When he caught cold, he worried about pneumonia. When he ate, he worried about indigestion. When he went to bed at night, he worried about not sleeping. He worried about his weight, torn ligaments, sprained ankles, broken legs, bursitis, tonsillitis and athlete's heart.

When he made All-America in his second year and all of us called him the greatest player ever to wear the buff-and-blue, he worried that people might think he had a swelled head.

I guess that Harry Kelcey was the only coach in the country who could have handled Danny Blake as well as he did. Kelcey not only knew his basketball, he knew his Danny too, and he loved him as though he were the kid's father.

He wasn't, of course. Danny had a father. Old man Blake ran a little candy store out in Brooklyn and had such an easy time of it trying to squeeze a living out of life that he didn't need Danny's help around the store more than twelve hours a day, unless Ma Blake's legs gave out and she had to knock off before midnight.



SHAW

Maybe that's how Danny got to be a worry bird: he grew up in a household that didn't know what security meant, in a neighborhood where a gang of strong-arms lurked around every corner waiting for thin little guys to come along. He never stopped fighting off the phantoms even after an athletic scholarship had landed him in college and out on the Garden floor against the country's finest quintets and into the headlines as one of the greats of the sports world.

I suppose it was inevitable that, sooner or later, he would get around to worrying about the gamblers. That part didn't surprise me. What did amaze me was that they had let him alone. After all, they were trying to get to most of the other stars in town, and Danny was not only a star, he was the whole team. What's more, he was a poor boy from a beaten little family that had only a vague idea of what a buck looked like.

A beautiful fat set-up for the men with the big cigars and the dirty folding money who enjoyed the thrill of betting on a sure thing.

Harry Kelcey used to tell me how it was getting the kid down. Danny was no dope, he knew what was going on. Danny knew when he was really breaking into the clear and getting away from the man who was guarding him, and when it was just too easy to be on the level. He also knew about the hundreds of thousands of dollars in bets that changed hands at those college basketball games.

"SHUT UP!" DANNY SCREAMED. "SHUT UP, DAMN YOU!"

He heard all the rumors about the kids who suddenly sported new convertibles or whose families moved into fine homes after a lifetime in a poor neighborhood.

And what he also knew was that the wisenheimers in the galleries were watching him closely for a sign of the dumperoo. If any other player racked up fifteen points in a game, it was fine shooting, but when Danny Blake had an off night, or the opposition assigned two men to leech him, or he had a headache, real or imaginary, and he didn't bag something like twenty-five or thirty, or when the team dropped a close one, you could hear the nasty cries

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT STORY **BY ERNEST LEHMAN**

The papers had everything but the real story—which is here

piercing the cigar smoke that hung over the arena. No wonder the kid couldn't sleep nights.

Now, about the game I'm getting around to—I don't know just how ill Danny really was. All I know is that I saw him in practice the day before and he appeared to be in good shape. The sports writers were giving him a careful once-over that afternoon because they knew that whatever chance the underdog New York team had of stopping unbeaten Kentucky State and getting a bid to the tournament rested squarely on Danny's fragile shoulders.

I WAS sitting in the hotel lobby with Harry Kelcey just before dinner, the evening of the game, when the coach was paged to the telephone, and I knew from the way his face turned pale that he feared the worst had happened. I walked with him to the phone at the desk and listened to him arguing with Danny in a frightened voice. But it was no go. The kid was home in bed with 103. It had come on him like that. He didn't know whether it was grippe in the stomach or ptomaine or the first signs of polio or what. But he knew that he was far too sick to get out on a basketball court and work himself into a sweat trying to get leaden arms and legs to function, and he was heartbroken, because he knew what it would mean to the team, but what could he do?

Kelcey hung up and his eyes had a beaten, worn-out look. I was sorry for him. They don't come any finer in the sports world. And I was angry at everything in life that makes worry birds out of sweet kids like Danny Blake. But I didn't put any of that in the paper. I guess I'm a lousy sports writer. When I wrote my story on the game after the final horn sounded, I left all that out, and I didn't even hint at what happened afterward.

Danny was lying in bed in his darkened room a couple of hours before game time when his kid brother, Marvin, came in to tell him that someone wanted him on the phone. Danny didn't want to answer. He said it was either Kelcey, wanting to argue with him, or someone who couldn't get tickets for the game and thought he might have an extra. He told Marvin to hang up and then he turned over and buried his aching head in the pillow, but the kid came back from the phone and reported that the man said it was important. So Danny climbed out of bed, his legs weak and his head spinning, and he went to the phone.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"This Danny Blake?" It was a man's voice, deep and unpleasant, like a sour foghorn.

"Yes," Danny said. "Who is this?"

"Does the name Rocco mean anything to you?"

"No," Danny snapped. "What do you want?" Just standing up made him feel nauseous.

"Nothing important. It's just that me and a few of my friends are kind of hoping Kentucky shades the locals tonight and we thought that maybe—"

"You thought maybe what?" Danny shouted.

"Take it easy, kid, nothing to get excited about," the foghorn insinuated softly. "I know five hundred dollars isn't *all* the money in the world."

"What five hundred dollars?"

Little Marvin watched his brother with frightened eyes.

"Five hundred dollars," the man replied, "is how much I'll pay for a box of your old man's cigars if you suddenly get so sick you can't show up for the game tonight."

Danny gripped the phone as though he would crumple it in his wiry hands. "Shut up," he said hoarsely.

The man's voice hardened. "Don't be a damned fool, Blake. What are *you* getting out of it but athlete's heart?"

"Cut it."

"You don't have to dump it the hard way. You just don't show, that's all, and the cash will be at the store by game time. Five hundred fish. Remember, it don't grow on—"

"Shut up!" Danny screamed. "Shut up, damn you!" His heart was pounding and his stomach was churning and he wanted to tear this man apart who was filling his ears with vile poison.

"You want to think it over a few minutes? I'll call back."

"YOU WANT TO THINK IT OVER? I'LL CALL BACK."

"Damn you!" Danny cried. He flung the receiver back in its cradle and stood there shaking with helpless rage, his breath coming in little sobs.

"Anything wrong, Danny?" Marvin stared at him.

"Get out of my way." Danny brushed past him and went to the bedroom. The boy followed and stood in the doorway watching him.

"I'll call ma," Marvin said anxiously.

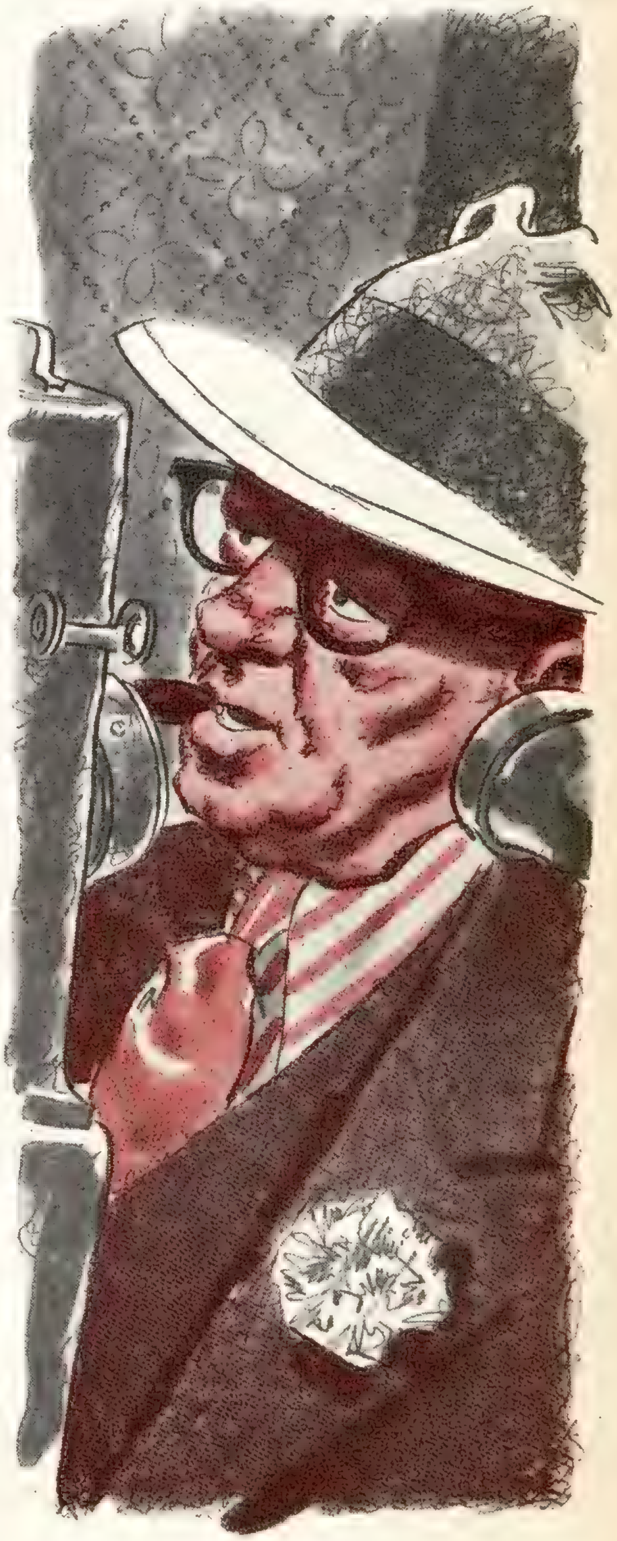
Danny was pulling a sweater on over the shirt and looking under the bed for his shoes.

"Something's wrong," Marvin said. "I'm going down to get ma."

"You do and I'll break your neck," Danny snapped as he hurried to the hall closet. The weak feeling in his stomach and legs was giving way to a powerful desire to commit violence on somebody or something.

My story in the morning paper was lousy journalism because it left all this out. It didn't describe the look of astonishment, not to say gratitude and relief, on the face of Harry Kelcey when Danny Blake came running into the locker room about fifteen minutes before game time and started ripping off his clothes to get into the old buff-and-blue.

All I wrote about was the details of the game—how Danny went wild and threw everything but the officials into the basket to score forty-eight points, and how the locals upset Kentucky State, 70-69. It was one of those thrillers that had everyone in the Garden screaming with excitement, and if you were there you probably heard me screaming too, like a sour foghorn. ■ ■



STRICTLY FRESH

BY EARL WILSON

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HENRY MORGAN, the radio fireball and now star of the soon-to-be-released film, So This Is New York, dashed from the projection room right in the middle of the first day's rushes. Henry explained his run-out like this: "I had always heard of the magic of make-up, and before the shooting began, a make-up artist worked over me for an hour and a half. Then what I saw on the screen scared me almost to death. *I looked just like me.*"

This lucrative ($100,000) hop-skip from radio studio to movie studio came about when producer Stanley Kramer's new film company, Screen Plays, Inc., acquired the film rights to the Ring Lardner novel, The Big Town. Instead of selecting a star and reworking the story to fit him, Kramer set about finding a performer to fit the Lardner type of American humor and satire. This led to Morgan. The picture will be released under the Enterprise banner.

Ever since 32-year-old Henry Morgan began taking his radio sponsors apart he has been getting the last word, even if his last word was so pointed it pierced his sponsor's pocketbook.

At the writing and reading session I attended, Morgan sat at a desk beside which was a shiny new shovel: "radio's coat of arms."

On the wall was a big framed sign: I THINK IT IS VERY FUNNY.

When anybody questions his jokes, he points to the sign.

"Being a fresh guy pays off," he explained to me. "I used to get my nose punched because I would say to somebody, 'It could be inferred that you are stupid.' I didn't know enough to smile when I said it."

Most radio comics huddle with writers up to the last minute, but Morgan doesn't see them after Saturday. Often they find he's inserted a Morgan sketch they know nothing about. Morgan and Fred Allen live across the street. Once Allen put humorist H. Allen Smith on the air, introduced him extravagantly first, allowed him to say "Hello," and then said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard our guest star, H. Allen Smith. Good night, Mr. Smith."

Tickled by this device, radio columnist Harriet Van Horne praised it in print. Morgan sent her one of his scripts showing he'd used it with Dana Andrews just before.

It was Allen's turn. Allen said he'd used the device ten years ago. Morgan thought somebody else used it 20 years ago. Later it was all smoothed over.

Morgan's worshipers quote his wisecracks and like to think he was the first to bite the sponsor that was feeding him.

Born Henry Von Ost, Jr., in New York, Morgan became a page boy at 17 at a New York station after attending Harrisburg Academy in Pennsylvania. He copped an audition, became radio's youngest announcer, and worked in radio while taking pre-law at Suffolk Law School in Boston. He's married to Isobel Gibbs, former actress.

Wherever he was, he was Morgan. He was always getting cancellations from narrow-minded sponsors. One sponsor's cancellation was gleefully announced by Morgan that same night.

"They'd have canceled last night," he bragged, "but the business office was closed. They're thinking of keeping the station open all night just to give quick service on my cancellations."

Henry Morgan, the guy who tells radio sponsors to drop dead, has thrust his needle-pointed tongue into the movies — and with startling results

HENRY MORGAN

SOLDIER OF FINE FORTUNE

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN witty, carefree David Niven left for England and World War II in 1939, he was one of Hollywood's top actors. When he returned after six years of combat duty and four decorations, he found that he was practically the forgotten man.

It took four films to get him back into his former stride. The Perfect Marriage, The Magnificent Doll, and The Other Love, in which he played a doctor, were only mildly received. Then Samuel Goldwyn, who holds the Niven contract, cast him as the young bishop in The Bishop's Wife. Today, Niven is again riding the crest.

Niven had always derived comfort from the thought that if worst came to worst, he could always become an actor. Worst came to worst about 1935. Arriving in Hollywood, he applied at Central Casting and was put on the list as English Type 2008. But 2007 made for heavy competition. Eventually producer Sam Goldwyn signed him up on a rather neat contract.

Goldwyn was hurt but understanding when, on September 4, 1939, David showed him a cable which read, REPORT REGIMENTAL DEPT IMMEDIATELY—ADJUTANT. The cable was a fake, as Mr. G. discovered later, sent by David's brother Max, at David's request.

In 1940 an English girl named Primula Rollo did what many a Hollywood girl had tried to do and failed. She married David Niven. A year later David, Jr., was born during an air raid.

Shortly before Christmas, 1945, David returned to Hollywood and his Goldwyn contract. The first great tragedy in his happy-go-lucky life occurred in 1946, when his wife died following an accident at the home of the Tyrone Powers. David lives with his two small sons, David, Jr., and James, in Pacific Palisades.

David Niven spent most of his childhood in Scotland. He entered Sandhurst, Britain's West Point, in 1927, later received a commission. After four years in the Highland Light Infantry, he and a chum went to Canada. When somebody suggested that he should go to New York, David was off. A week later he found himself without funds.

But it took an act of Congress to pry him out of the city.

"Probably Congress didn't realize the great service it did me by repeal," says David with a grin, "but it came about that I got a job representing a London wine firm and set up New York's first tasting room."

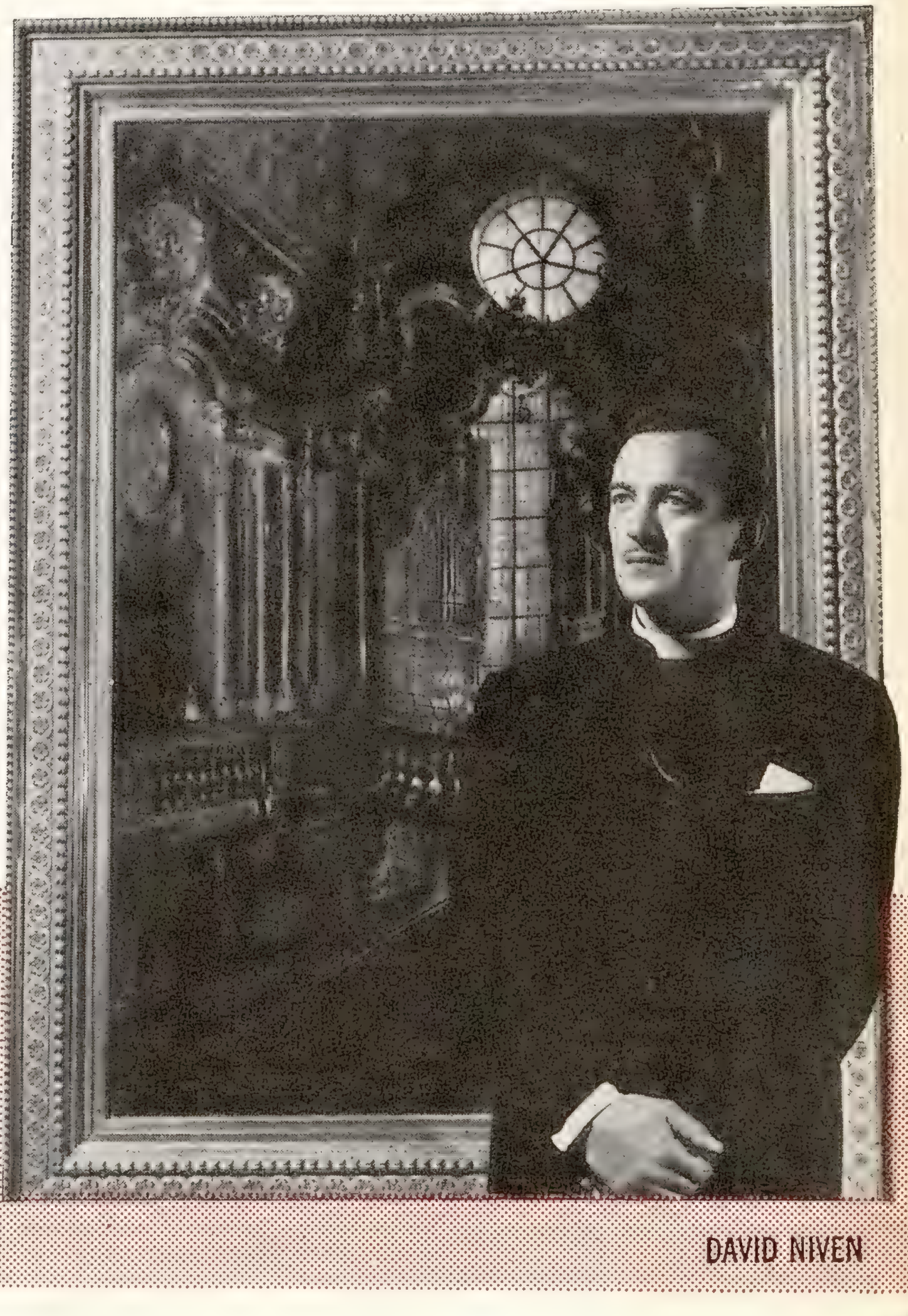
David's career as a wine salesman was terminated by racketeers. He received a call from a swank Park Avenue restaurant for fifty cases of special wine to be delivered at once. When his truck drew up outside the café, several white-coated characters appeared and promptly unloaded the wine onto the sidewalk. They handed David a check. In a matter of seconds after he left, a second truck drew up, reloaded the wine, and drove away.

The check, of course, was a phony and it bounced.

He went to Havana and Bermuda, and later turned up in Peru in time to become involved in a revolution. The British consul gave him twenty minutes in which to get out of the country.

He took a boat bound for Norway, but to his surprise landed in San Francisco. That was when worst came to worst and he became English Type 2008. ■ ■

David Niven always said if things got too tough, he would become an actor. They got so tough he was forced into stardom



DAVID NIVEN

THE MAN WITH MY FACE

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Who, in a thousand years, would suspect such a thing — that Chick's marriage to alluring Cora, his blasted romance with Mary, had all been arranged?

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

SYNOPSIS

THAT Wednesday evening I arrived at Redwood City on the five-twenty-nine as usual.

But my wife, Cora, was not there to meet me, and when I phoned my house, she pretended not to know who I was; kept up the farce even when I got sore. So I ate a snack in a diner, saw a movie, and taxied home.

When I entered, I found Cora seated at a card table, also her brother, Buster (he and I were partners in San Francisco in a public accounting business), and his wife, Ethelene. Oh, and there was my dog, Jiggs, who, strangely, growled at me and kept a watchful eye open.

Even stranger were the puzzled looks Buster and the women wore. Then a man entered—a man with my face!

Almost doubting my own identity, nevertheless I fought for what was mine—until the man turned the dog on me. I went out, found a cop, took him back to my home. The others denied knowing me. The cop took our fingerprints, and those of the man with my face matched those on *my* army identification card! So the cop took me in.

Realizing I needed time—and not in a cell—to work out the puzzle, I told the cop that it had all been a joke. The cop believed me, and drove off.

Later, in a diner, I heard the radio announce that a Los Angeles bank messenger had absconded with two million dollars' worth of government bonds, after killing a bank guard, and was now impersonating Charles Bruce Graham—me!—of Redwood City, and conclude with a detailed description of me and my apparel.

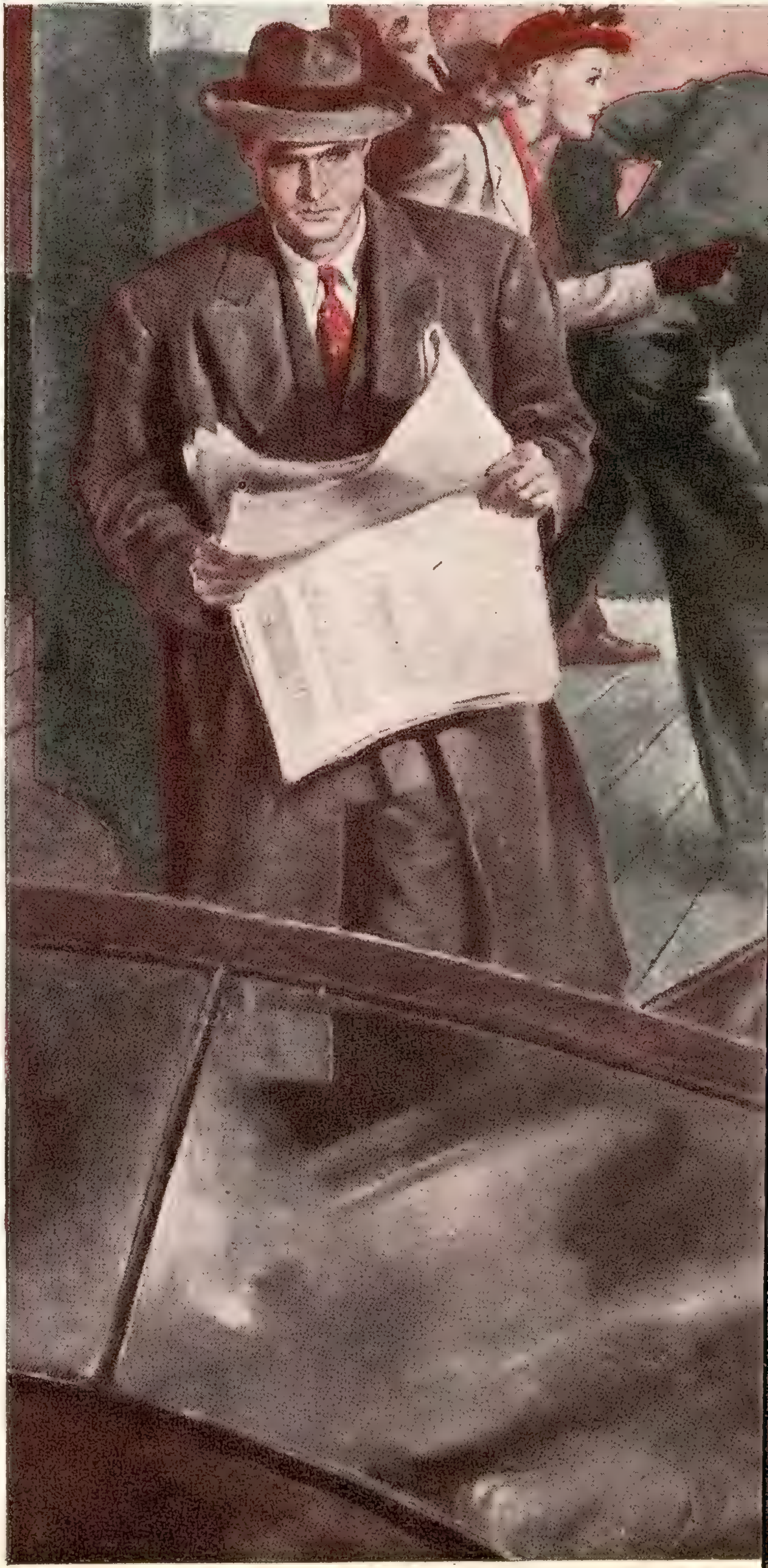
Getting away from there quick, I managed to hide.

PART TWO

IN the shrubbery of the Sequoia High School grounds I took off my topcoat, hat, suit coat, and tie. I made a bundle of them and wrapped the bundle in a newspaper lying on the grass. Then I strode through the campus and toward the hills. I came onto a picnic ground with some tables and camp stoves under some live oaks, and it looked like a good place to spend the night. I put on my coats, and then hid in the bushes as a car came slowly around the hill, a spotlight sweeping back and forth. My idea had been to sleep on one of those tables, but I thought better of it, and went back to the brush. I smoked up all my cigarettes, walked about occasionally to keep warm, and spent a miserable night.

By morning I was beginning to itch, and I knew what I looked like. Daylight showed that the brush I was hiding in was the most prevalent shrub of California, poison oak. Some people can wallow in the stuff. Some people get a few pink blotches a couple or three days after exposure. On others it works as fast as

GIESEN



The man with my face got out of the car. Cora said, "Wait a minute, Chick. I've got the grocery list here somewhere."

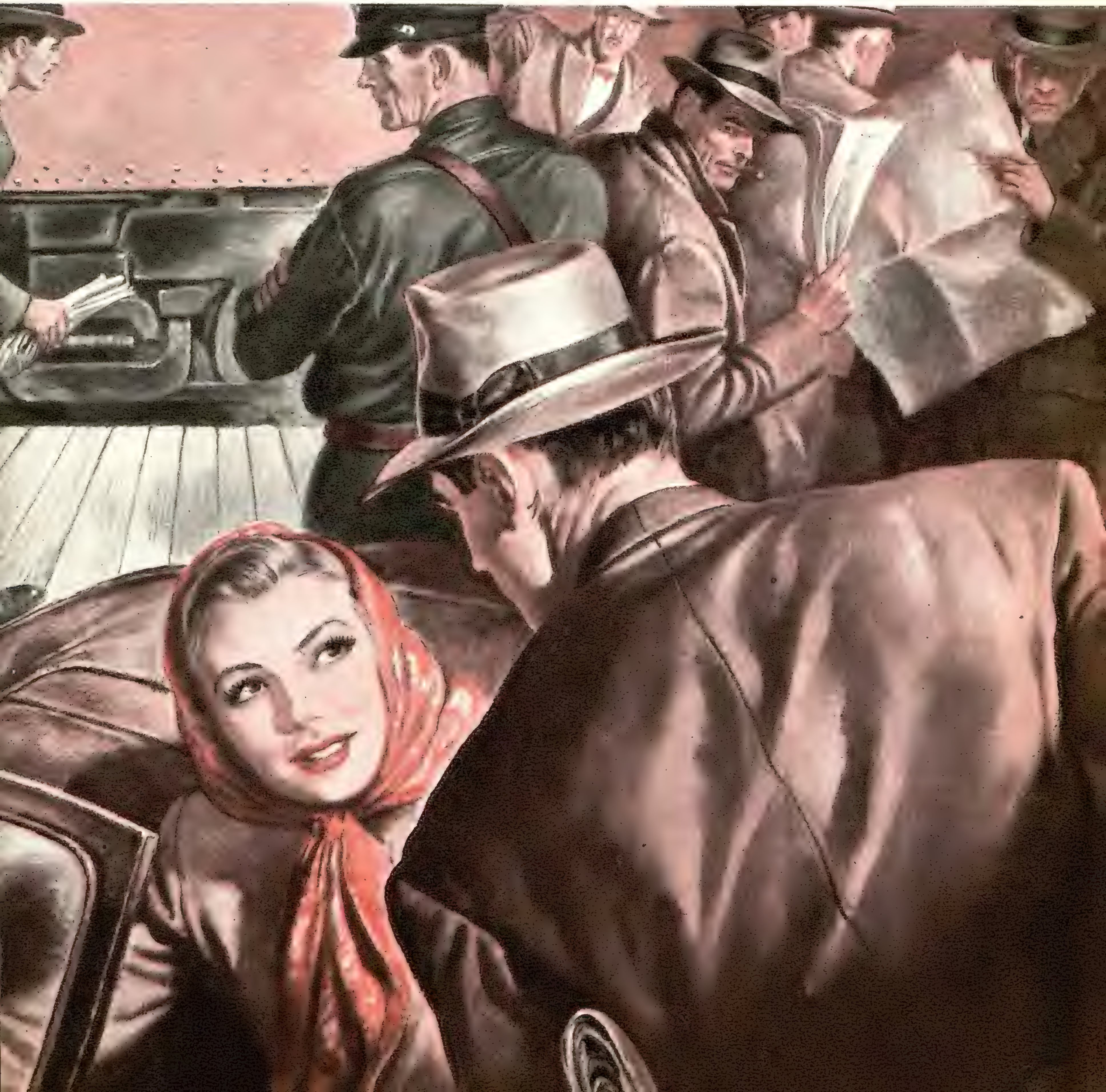
sunburn, and these people turn pink and swell up. These people were my people. When I looked at my hands in daylight I knew exactly what my face looked like. I'd been all through it before. I didn't need any mirror to know I didn't look like Charles Graham.

As soon as I figured it was late enough to be seen on the road I began walking into town. The first turn of the road brought me to a shack with clothes on the line. No dog barked as I went by, and one item on the line was an old gray blanket. I went around the hill, cut over it behind the house, and filched the blanket. I took the blanket into some brush, stripped to my underwear, folded the blanket lengthwise and wound it around me, then put on my clothes. I wasn't able to button the vest, but the topcoat covered that. I was now, I hoped, pleasantly plump, my body to some degree fitting my swollen face and hands.

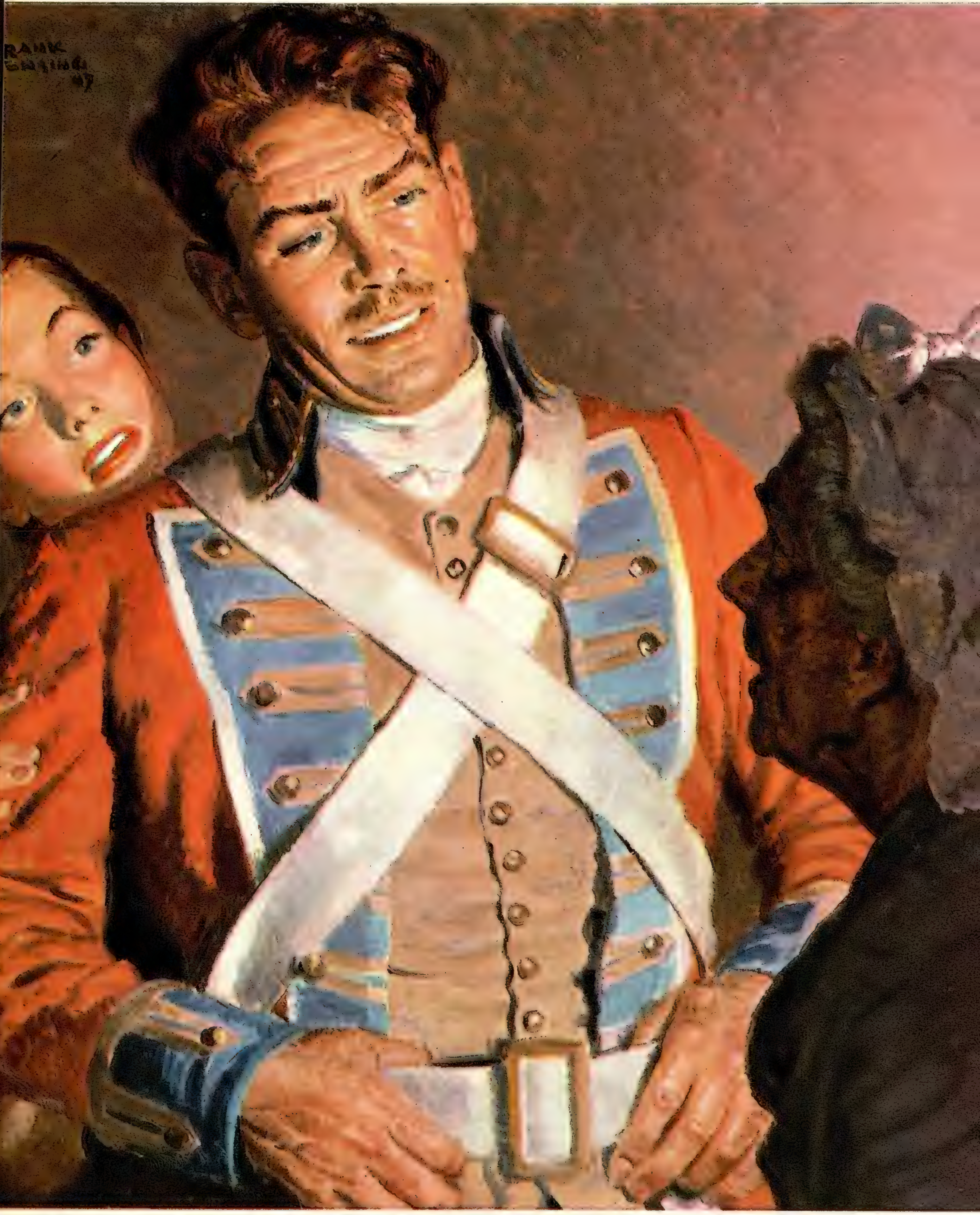
A jaloppy came along and picked me up. I told the driver my car had broken down. "What do you think about that big bond job in L. A.?" he asked. I said I wished I had a chance to cop two million bucks. He said, "Me, too, brother." I asked if they'd caught the guy yet, and he said, "Not the last I heard. I'd like a crack at that ten thousand."

He let me off at El Camino Real and I went in Ed's Diner for breakfast. I had a dollar and eighty-four cents in my pocket in change. The rest of my money had been in that billfold. I ordered hot cakes and an egg, and coffee, sixty-five cents. I had the idea to test out my face on the counterman, but a different guy was on duty this morning. The mirror on the wall above the pie shelves showed the plump face of a man who either was on the verge of apoplexy or who had spent a couple of days

(*Continued on page 55*)



BESSIE AND THE SERGEANT



"You must be crazy. It's desertion! He'll be shot and you jailed." Grandmother Shalcross cried.

BY ALLAN SWINTON

The unsuspecting redcoat stalked into grandma's cabin, but he didn't figure on meeting Bessie, a curvesome lass bent on matrimony. A fascinating yarn in which history's people live—and love

BENSING

READING TIME•22 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

EVENING was closing in and Bessie was putting on the supper. She was young, with an attractive country face and heavy yellow hair. Between the table and the sideboard she stopped and turned, and the words which she had rehearsed for months at last were spoken: "Ma'am, my bounden time is up next week—"

Grandma Shalcross, the little old lady with the lace cap in the fan-backed chair beside the fire, looked up. This was a moment she had foreseen and feared. "I know," she rapped, "and you plan to go. I advise you to stay. The war has made things bad in the towns. You'll have pay when your time's up, four dollars a month, and out here you can save it all."

"I'm sorry," Bessie said firmly, "but I must go. I've been more than two years stuck out here. I never see a soul—"

"And you'd planned that by the time your bond was up you would have arranged your marriage. You came to America to get a husband, isn't that it?"

Bessie faced her with her feet set. She was a first-class cook and dairymaid and could read, write, sew, weave, reap, and make soap and candles, and she knew her worth in this new country. "No, ma'am. Husbands for me were easy got, at home in Dorset. I could have had a dozen, but they were all laboring men, and others there don't marry village girls. There was an American gentleman stopped once at our village inn. He said that in America there was a home, with land, wood, and water, free for anyone who would work for it. That's why I pledged my work to pay my passage here, to get a real home of my own, not a hovel on a patch owned by a landlord where you must ask leave to cut a stick."

"Land sakes! You're a chit yet. Have some patience. Stay with me till the trouble's over. You'll be safe and can save a nest egg. The family will see you get a husband, after the war."

"After the war! Why, it may last years! And you don't have to stay here, ma'am. Your son's tried every way to make you go to his house. Last time he was here I heard him begging you."

The old lady's mouth shut like a trap. "I came here when I was wed and I fought Indians here. In this house I saw the famine and the great flood while I raised my sons. Maybe they'll be glad to shelter yet where they were born. But, whether or no, war or no war, here I stay."

"And what about my home?" Bessie flared. "You want me to waste my best years humoring you, whose life is done and who've had everything! My life hasn't started."

"It's not so easy as you think. Even in America, all men haven't got good land, especially the young ones who will take your eye."

Bessie's straw-colored head came up, with troubled eyes. The suggestion that her dreams might come to nought through her surrender to a landless man alarmed her.

But she said doggedly, "I'm sorry, ma'am. My mind's made up."

The old lady sat for some moments undecided. Then she said, "Listen, child. I hadn't meant to tell you yet, in case it spoiled you. I've plans for you. Fine plans. You know the empty homestead you like so much?"

Bessie said eagerly, "Oh, yes! I love it there. It's a home place. I could make it beautiful."

"Well, so you shall. I own it. It belonged to my son Hiram whom the Indians killed at Swamp Neck. It's a fine farm. Forty acres good black bottom soil beside the beaver meadow, thirty more stump land, all fenced, with a good barn and the square A-log house. Till the war, a good man farmed it. It can soon be got in shape again.

"Now! You mind my young grandson, Galt? You met him at my son's house before he sent you here."

BESSIE recalled the dark handsome fellow, a little dandified perhaps and with sardonic eyes, at the home of the Philadelphia lawyer who had paid her passage in return for three years' bond to work for him. The younger man had been charming and had flirted with her; but he was not the sort of man her instincts recommended as a husband. She said, "I remember him."

"He's with General Washington now, doing fine work in the Intelligence Department. He's been a wild lad, but he'll settle down after the war. A girl like you is what he needs, and I want you for him. Stay with me and I'll see he marries you. The day you're wed I'll give you the homestead in your own right and all you need to set up house. Now then?"

Bessie's face was a picture of delight and hesitation. Though her admitted purpose was to gain a husband and her longed-for home, she had not thought to marry solely for convenience. She had dreams of romance.

But now came this chance of marriage with a member of the family, which, at a stroke, would mean security and social place. The hard-

(*Continued on page 47*)

A CERTAIN RICH MAN

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

Her mind was only half awake and had a dreamy flow. She saw Roebuck's intent face. His hands caressed her and she woke then.

GULSER

A *Liberty* BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

THE light of the summer morning came through the gauze curtains. The narrow room contained a bed, a chest of drawers and one chair; there was a half-opened door into the bathroom beyond; there were some flowers on the chest of drawers. Martha Winsted might possibly have inclined towards a nun's cell by choice, but her present quarters gave her no option; the bedroom was too small to be furnished any more lavishly than this. When the alarm clock went off she reached out a sleepy hand and extinguished its clamor without opening her eyes.

The day began to flood into her and she remembered. Her mind was only half awake and had a dreamy inconsecutive flow and ebb. She saw Don Roebuck's intent face. There was a restaurant table with a bowl of roses on it. Roebuck's hands caressed her and she woke, then, to the thought of the settlement house. Wide awake in a second, she sat up and looked at the sunlight streaming through the gauze curtains. Today, she said to herself, this is today.

With swift, customary movements she pushed her feet into slippers, reached for her dressing gown, and passed through the door to the living room and the telephone that stood on the top of the bookshelves beside the fireplace.

She dialled a friend, co-worker at the settlement house.

"Nini," she said, "I want you to do something for me. . . . I don't want to go to work today, dear. . . . Just tell Miss Hillyard I'm not very well. It's only a white lie; it won't hurt you. . . . No, idiot, no, nothing has happened. I was going to be working on a report anyhow, and I can do some of it at home. . . . I know it isn't like me, but don't argue; maybe what's like me isn't like me either. . . . Thanks, Nini."

She was awake for good, and made her way through the routine of

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breakfast and bath. Her thoughts were still softened and subdued by the memory of the night before, a kind of sensuous revery wholly different from her normal brisk awakenings. Over the coffee she questioned herself. Is this happiness? The words repeated themselves tranquilly in her mind, to obtain the unrapturous reply: No, it is not happiness, but perhaps it will do.

At twenty-eight, Martha Winsted had already side-stepped ordinary, two - can - live - cheaper - than - one marriage several times, and had repelled any number of less respectable proposals. There had been a wartime love, the six weeks when Bill Mason, as a convalescent, was exempted from duty in the Merchant Marine. She had next heard from him in the Pacific. There had been occasional letters during two or three years; it was five, now, since she had seen him. Bit by bit the violent romanticism of his advent had faded out.

If the right man came along she was ready for union, with or without marriage. But there had been no right man, and she was too fastidious to compromise on any other; until Landon Roebuck, whose dark brown eyes met her gray ones in a sort of appeal, told her, "There isn't anybody in my existence in the least like you."

She thought of Roebuck, that product of wealth, of all the conventions, and of how awkward and humble he was before love; there was some pity in the tenderness with which she now thought of him.

She had not really intended to write to Bill, but now she knew she must. Should she say "I have just become the mistress of a very rich man and do not wish you to come and see me when you return"? The thought made her laugh; it so grotesquely misrepresented what had happened. She could say it more truly: "Out of my weakness and my melancholy, needing love as all human beings need love, I have found it, or something like it, in the tenderness of a man whose life has been too much for him; whose home is broken by divorce. He waited a long time. He is humble and patient, although externally you might never think so. . . ."

SITTING down at the typewriter now, she began:

"You said in your last letter you were coming home in about a month, and it's been six weeks and you haven't come. After all these years it would surely not surprise you to hear that I have acquired a few other interests and a few other friends. You know how sincerely I am concerned with my work and how very regular my life is—or was, that is, until I met you, and was again after you had gone away. But five years are five years, and I am not entirely made of stone. You . . ."

She went on writing, page after page, slowly, thoughtfully, trying not to be so explicit as to produce a tempest; she knew that ungovernable temper only too well. But he would have to understand that his mastery, his dominion, was not to be reasserted in the old way, that her life was a continuous process and not something to be taken up or put down at his will.

After the letter was addressed and sealed, she felt suddenly tired and full of regret. How long ago . . . !

She thought abruptly of the extravagant youth of Cambridge, and how Bill had succeeded in imbuing certain poetry, music, and even ideas with the thought of him. There was Keats, for instance; and she went to take the volume from the shelf. She was standing there reading, only half conscious of the words, but turning back in time as she read, when the bell rang. She put the book down and went to press the button that released the latch downstairs. A telegram from Mother, she thought, asking me if I can come home for Father's birthday. She heard a step on the stairs, went to the door to open it, and there was Bill.

SHE put her hand to the side of the door to steady herself, but before she had time to reach it he had come through the door and taken her into his arms with a hungry rush that left her senseless. When she was fully conscious, they were on the studio couch; he must have half carried her there; he was crushing her in his arms.

"Don't, please, don't!" she gasped. "Please—let me breathe."

He did not even speak, but after the fury of the first moment he held her gently in his arms, and her lips were against his ear. "Bill, it's been so long," she said.

"Let me look at you, my darling," he said at last, holding her head in the crook of his arm. "The same freckles, the same lips. All the same. Oh, my darling . . . ! I'm not sure I knew how red your hair was . . . My love. My only love. . . ."

The sun which had slanted from east to west in the bedroom was now slanting again, but in the other direction. It was afternoon.

"I must have fallen asleep," Martha said aloud. She lifted her head from the shoulder on which it had rested. "My love," he said drowsily, but she extricated herself and sprang across him to the floor. She fled to the bedroom. The clock said ten minutes to four.

"Bill, dear, please," she said, coming back into the living room. "Up, up, up! There are some people coming here pretty soon, at five or so."

He swung his feet to the floor and sat there, his whole body brown except for a narrow strip at the middle. His face was intent upon her, as always, with the heavy black brows and lashes surrounding a gaze of piercing light blue. "Sit here, wench," he said, pulling her onto his knee.

"I'll do no such thing," she said, doing it, leaning her cheek against his black hair. "Darling, please get presentable. And I haven't had any lunch. Aren't you hungry?"

He rubbed his head against her. "I am starving," he said.

She rose and pulled him up. "Then hurry," she said, "hurry, and I'll take you out to the neighborhood snackery. We must get there and back. Or perhaps it would be better if you didn't come back."

He had started through the door to the bedroom, dragging his clothes along, but in the doorway he stopped.

"So that's the way it is," he said. "You don't want me to be here when your friends come. I'll think that one over."

Panic had overtaken her. What had she done? What was she to do now? From the very beginning, somehow, the thought of Don Roebuck and the thought of Bill had been inextricably mixed in her mind. She felt sure that any meeting between them would be a disaster. How, then, was she to prevent it, with Roebuck due at five, or as soon afterwards as he could manage, and Bill sure to remain as long as possible?

From the bathroom she could hear Bill's splashing; he was happy under the shower and made discordant noises approximating a tune.

Well, she thought, now it is proved. It is Bill; it was always Bill; poor Roebuck. . . . That was the half-love of a half-life, she thought, insofar as it existed. If Bill had stayed away forever—well, that had not happened. Everything else had stood still for hours while her whole existence rejoiced in the fact.

"Darling," Bill said, "the joint's yours."

HE was in the doorway, fully clad, cleaned and brushed. In civilian clothes, which were too small for him—an old suit from before the war, gray flannels that had once been good—he looked huge and powerful.

"I love you," she said as she passed him into the bedroom. "Sit down and think," she called back to him. "I'll be ready in ten minutes."

She, too, passed through the shower and into fresh clothes. Her red-brown braids took some time to restore. When she came back into the living room he had her letter in his hands.

"This bilge, sweetheart," he said, looking up at her with confident blue eyes. "It doesn't mean a thing. Shall we just tear it up?"

"Yes, I suppose so," she said. "Did you read it?"

"Of course," he said cheerfully. "It was addressed to me. I don't intend to let it influence me in any way." He got up and tore the three sheets to pieces and threw them into the waste-paper basket. "That's that," he said, dusting his fingertips. "Kiss me," he commanded. "Again. Again." He paused and looked down at her. "All right. Where do we eat?"

(Continued on page 60)

Butter
RICE

I LOVE Southern Cooking!

A gastronome from way down yonder challenges Damyankee Shane to sit down to an honest-to-goodness Southern dinner

BY HAROLD S. SMITH

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

FOHGIVE him, Marse Bob, for he jus' doan know what is good eating. After the hackles on my neck had subsided, I felt this reply to Ted Shane's I Hate Southern Cooking creeping up within me. Where, oh where, have you been eating, Damyankee Shane? Why don't you get off the beaten path and away from the Greasy Spoons and Ptomaine Ptaverns (of which your North has its quota), and just let it be known that you would like to "take dinner" with an average Southern family?

Your hostess would most likely start your repast with a fruit cup built from a golden-yellow grapefruit with luscious Georgia peaches chopped up in it. "Help yourself to the rice, friend; and pass the gravy to our guest." That's when your treat would start as the lustrous white grains, each reluctant to join his fellows, fall upon your plate in a snowy heap. Over this would come the dark-brown rich gravy. If your hostess were in a really genial mood, she would serve rich creamy milk gravy made by stirring a little flour, salt, and pepper into the same frying pan (never a skillet) in which the crispy golden-brown chicken was fried; and after the drippings have melted into the flour, slowly and ever so gently add the rich blended milk and cream into the frying pan, all the while stirring gently with loving hands.

If you cared for vegetables, you would find an abundance. Crisp collard greens, nipped by the first frost and cooked long and slowly with pork backbone. Ripe golden gooseneck squash, cooked quickly in the steam from a cupful of water and a half cupful of butter; or with the insides scooped out and stuffed with rice, meat, and spices; or with the whole chopped into little dices and mixed gently with butter and cream.

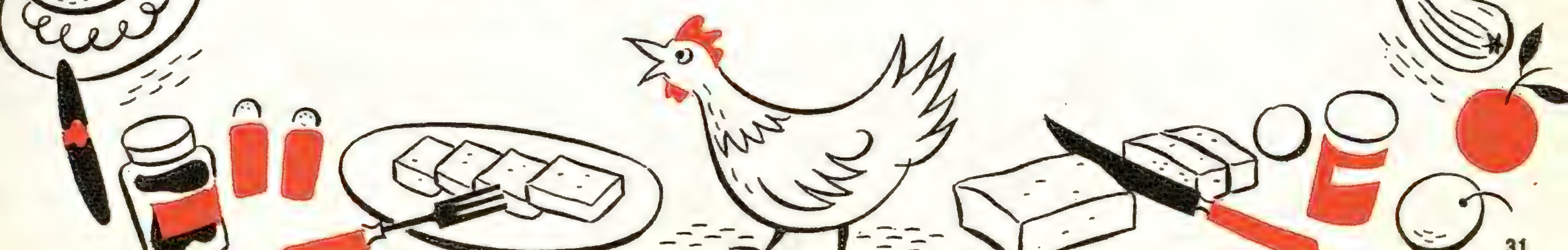
What's wrong with having some string beans, done, yet crispy, fragrant with the aroma of the hog's contribution to good eating—the ham hock? Don't let yourself be heard condemning pot likker. The Southerner doesn't lose his vitamins by having them cooked out of the vegetables and thrown away. No! He saves the pot likker, crumbles up some light, fluffy, golden corn bread (corn bread, pone, hoe cake, egg, etc., they're all equally delicious) into his bowl of pot likker, adds chopped onion, little bits of bell pepper, fresh tomato, some of the lean bits of the ham hock; mixes it all into a lip-slavering ambrosiac dish, adds just a mite of pepper sauce, and squares away.

While you are eating all the above, your hostess will be continually plying you with big, generous, man-sized biscuits, piping hot. These tempting morsels, brown on top and snowy white in the center, spread with some of old Dora's butter, make life worth living. While you're eating these I 'spect you'd better have some of this mayhaw jelly or blackberry jam or orange marmalade with them. As you get farther South—down into lower Florida—you stand on the pinnacle of your quest for food for the gods. GUAVA JELLY—nectar, nectar, nectar! When you awake from your trance, try to find the words to describe it. I can't!

And for dessert what could you find to censure about a big dish of ambrosia? Yes, that is its name, and better yet is its description: Golden, ripe oranges chopped into a chilled bowl, mixed with grated coconut, powdered sugar, diced bananas, and chopped nuts. A truly exclusive Southern dish. After your ninth helping of this, or perhaps of a deep-dish huckleberry pie spread with melted butter and deluged with thick clotted cream, you might relax and smoke a Tampa cigar.

Now, when you spoke of grits, you trod on my pet corn—no pun intended. Just as there are Rembrandts and house painters, so are there people who can prepare grits and those who ruin this choicest morsel of the Southern diet. I would need the pen of a Dickens, or the tongue of Daniel Webster, Yankee though Webster was, to adequately sing the praises of grits. Plain grits with ramshack gravy, to eat with ham and eggs. Grits made into little cakes and fried in egg mix to a golden brown. Grits in a cheese-and-egg soufflé. Any mashed-potato eater who could stoop so low to malign grits could never find true expression in the Valhalla of cooking—the South! You must be shown!

THE END



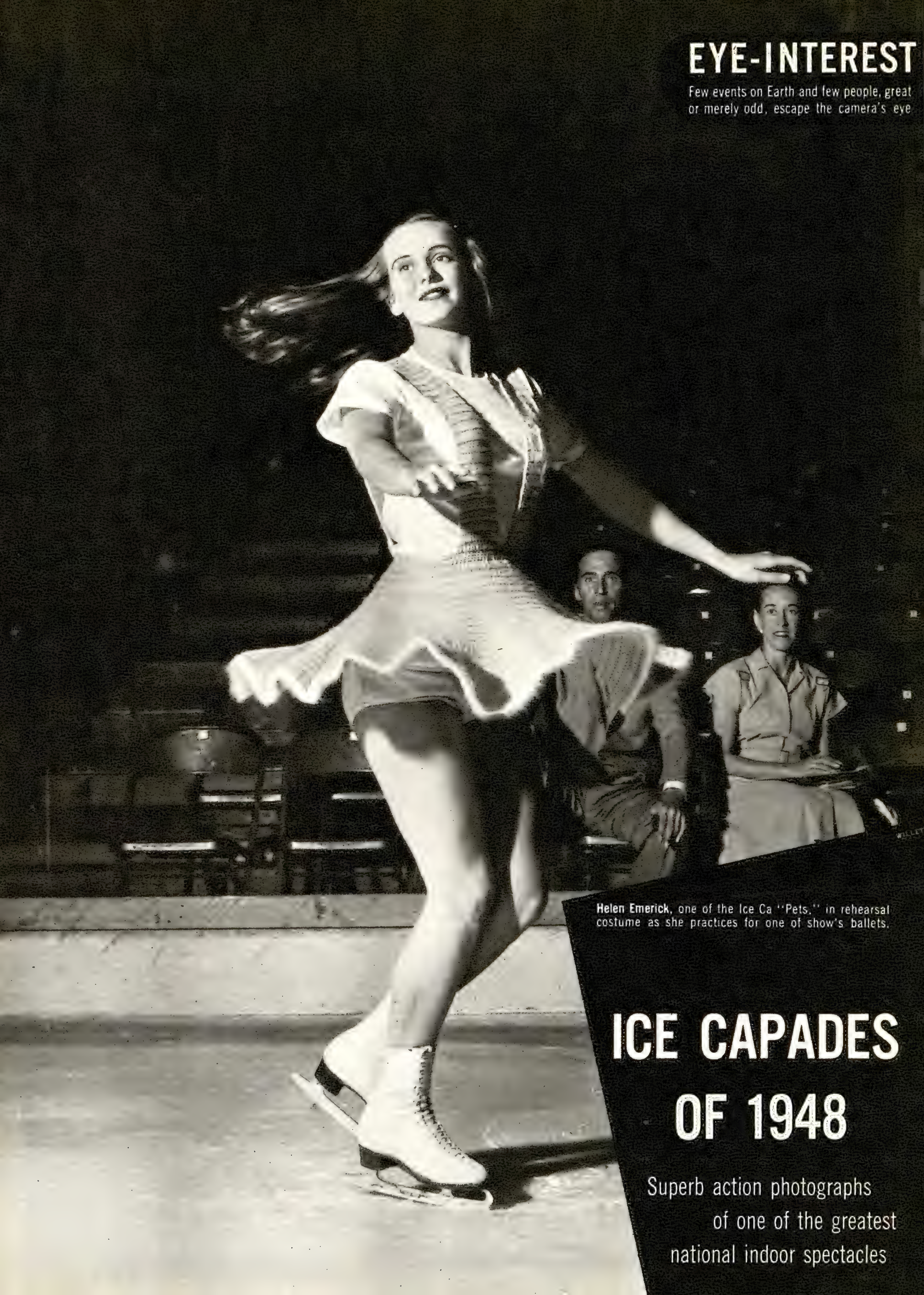
Capades, playing cities from coast coast, is now almost as much of an stitution as the circus. Current star Donna Atwood, shown here executing a lliant leap during the Rodeo Ballet.

Ice Ca **"Pets"** (skating ballerinas) perform in Ballet Bleu, one of the big numbers.

Helen Emerick (below) wearing one of the billowy costumes for the Ballet Bleu.

EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye



Helen Emerick, one of the Ice Ca "Pets," in rehearsal costume as she practices for one of show's ballets.

ICE CAPADES OF 1948

Superb action photographs of one of the greatest national indoor spectacles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM PRANGE

LOYOLA

This great seat of learning is typical of the 27 colleges operated by the Society of Jesus

WHEN a university can boast that 40 per cent of a great city's dentists, 25 per cent of its doctors, 12 per cent of its lawyers, and most of its registered and public-health nurses are its alumni, it's got something. Such a claim can be made by Loyola University of Chicago, whose buildings sprout along Lake Michigan and rear their heads high above busy downtown Chicago.

Loyola, founded in 1870, the year before the great Chicago fire, has 8,080 students who attend classes in buildings scattered around three campuses. The Roman Catholic Society of Jesus operates Loyola, as it does 27 other Jesuit colleges and universities. Loyola began as St. Ignatius College, but was changed to Loyola shortly after the turn of the century. It is co-educational. The school turns out first-class sports teams, with particular emphasis on basketball. It goes in heavily for all sorts of undergraduate activities, and one of its most interesting is the radio workshop, which is aired twice weekly. Center of its religious life is the beautiful Chapel of Madonna della Strada (see opposite page), which overlooks Lake Michigan.

The chapel (above), an outstanding example of modern church architecture, overlooks Lake Michigan. Below: Mass is celebrated in the chapel for the student body.

An important student activity is the radio workshop (lower left). Co-eds (lower right) find campus life pleasant at Loyola, being outnumbered seven to one by the me

Firesto
Introduces The NEW

FEATURED BY LEADING CAR MANUFACTURERS ON THEIR 1948 MODELS

HERE'S the newest in tires to match the newest in cars!

The new Firestone Super-Balloon is a revolutionary new KIND of tire that gives you a revolutionary new KIND of ride. Yet, the idea back of it was conceived by Firestone a quarter of a century ago.

Back in 1922, Firestone developed the FIRST balloon tire, which set completely new and different standards of safety, comfort and long mileage. Now, Firestone gives the car owners of America a new sensation in riding and driving luxury with the new Firestone Super-Balloon.

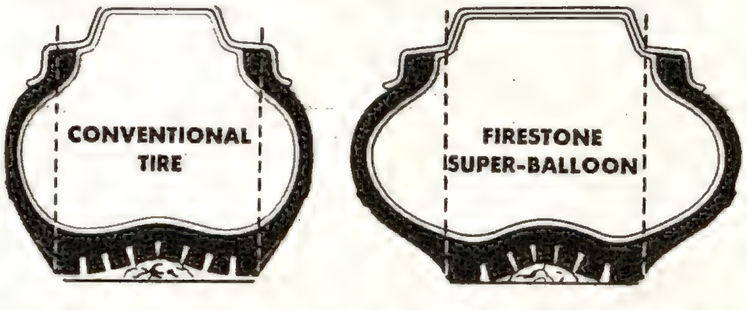
PROVED QUALITY and PERFORMANCE

Exhaustive tests prove that you can drive more miles at higher speeds with less fatigue. You can stop more safely on any road in any weather . . . even with sudden stops on rough roads there is no chatter or wheel-bounce. This remarkable new tire absorbs the shock of hitting rocks, bumps and other objects instead of transmitting the shock to you and your car. It provides amazingly greater stability and enables your car to hug the road on curves. It keeps your car young, too . . . you save money on car maintenance because there are fewer trips to the repair shop to get rid of annoying squeaks and rattles.

MORE RIDING COMFORT and SAFETY

The new Firestone Super-Balloon is truly the tire of tomorrow, a wholly new sensation in restful riding, in non-skid safety, in blowout protection and in longer, more comfortable mileage. Many of the most famous automobile manufacturers will feature it on their 1948 models. And soon you will be able to put new Firestone Super-Balloons on your present car. Watch for them at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC



Cross sections show how more air volume and lower pressure permit greater flexing action when Firestone Super-Balloons go over bumps and rough roads

Copyright, 1948, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

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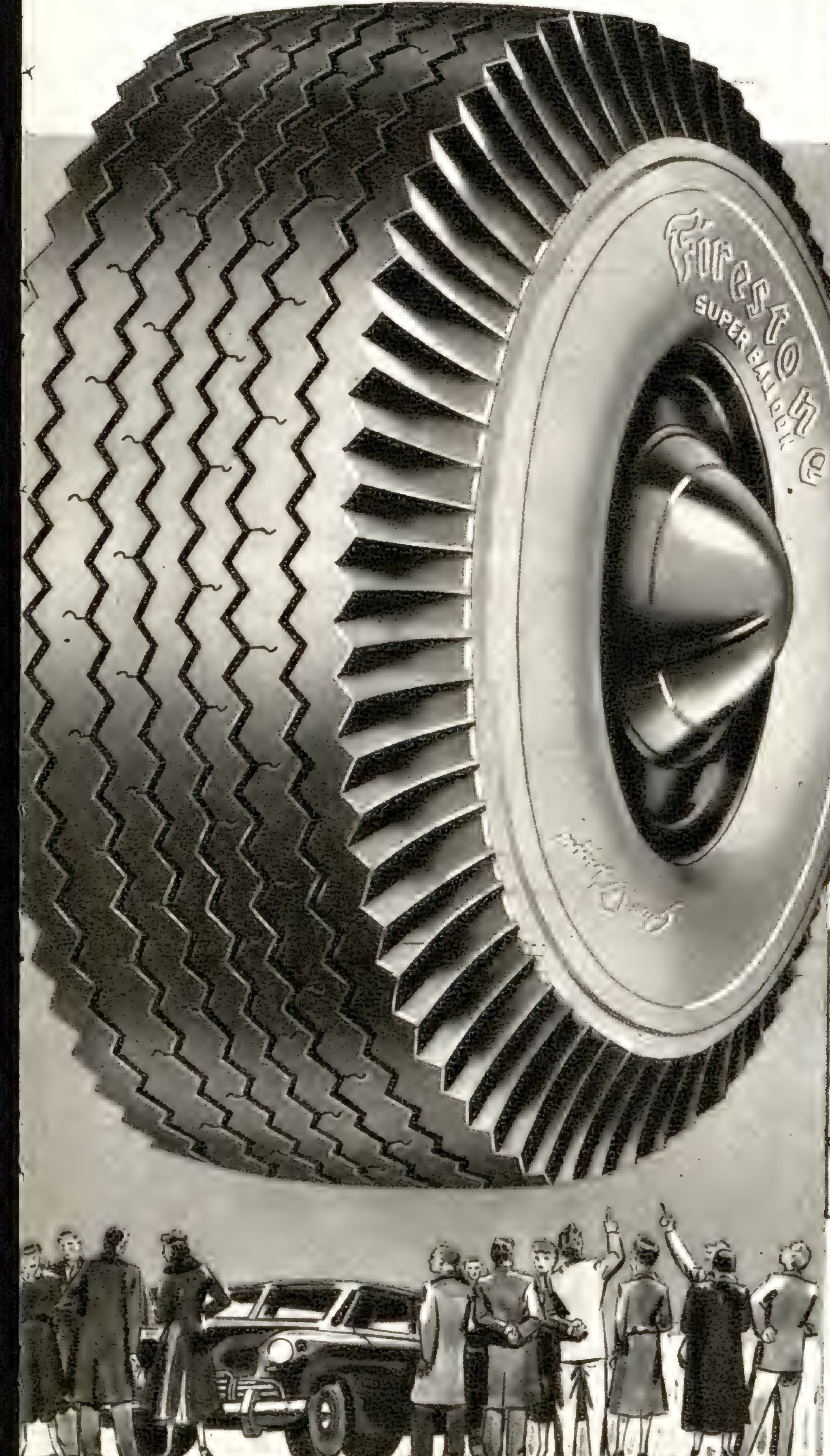
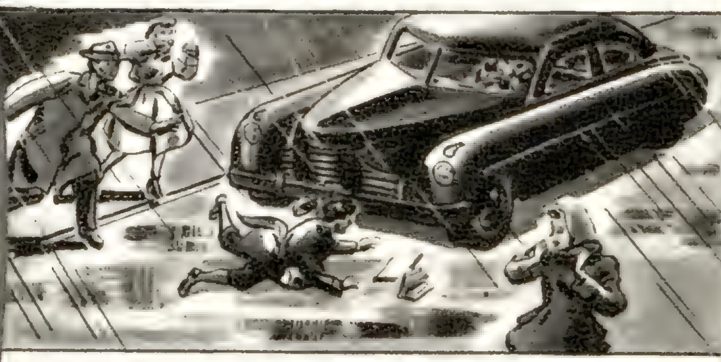
ORIGINATOR OF THE BALLOON TIRE

Super-Balloon

LESS FATIGUE . . . LONGER COMFORTABLE MILEAGE

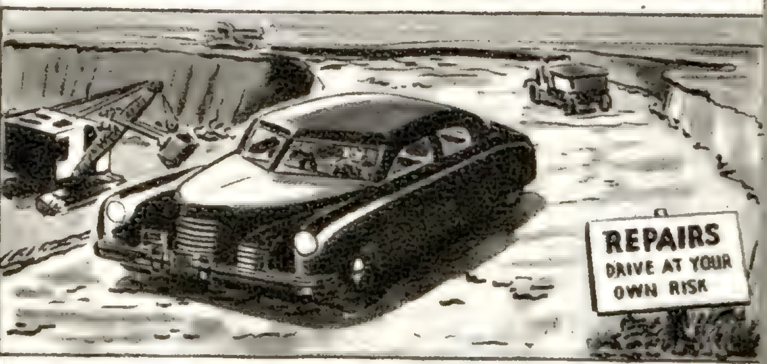
This tire takes the punishment instead of you and your car. It absorbs road shocks instead of transmitting them because the tire body is larger and holds more air at lower pressure. You can drive farther, faster and longer without becoming tired. Reduced vibration results in the quietest, smoothest, easiest ride you have ever experienced.





GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION . . . SAFER STOPPING

The combination of new Skid-Resistors molded into the tread and more area in contact with the road provides sure-footed stops and sure-footed starts on any road in any weather. The Safti-Sured Gum-Dipped cord body and cooler-running resulting from the larger volume of air at lower pressure provide the greatest protection against blowouts ever built into a tire.


REPAIRS
DRIVE AT YOUR OWN RISK

KEEPS YOUR CAR YOUNG . . . SAVES YOU MONEY

By preventing road shocks from reaching your car, the Firestone Super-Balloon helps to keep the body, chassis and running gear as tight as new. Many of the irritating and annoying squeaks, rattles and vibrations which occur when parts become loosened by jiggling and jouncing are eliminated. There is less wear on the car, fewer repair bills, longer car life.

Broiled grapefruit, bubbling with honey, cinnamon, and butter or margarine.

Blended egg yolk and milk give these buttermilk biscuits rich, golden crust.

Garnish helps to dramatize the goodness of a platter of stuffed pork chops.

Fried chicken is all the better for a little ginger added to the seasoning.

Chicago radio celebrities dine in the Wrigley Restaurant, where one of the specialties is pigs' feet. Clockwise: Franklyn Ferguson (Betty Crocker Show), Tom Moore (Ladies Be Seated), Fran Allison and Don McNeil (Breakfast Club), Beryl Vaughan (Sky King), and Jim Jewel (producer and writer of Jack Armstrong).

BY BEULAH KARNEY, *Liberty's Food Editor*

Little inexpensive touches that bring out flavor and dramatize such old favorites as pigs' feet and stuffed pork chops help make dinners exotic

TOUCHES THAT TEMPT

HAVE you ever thought how one woman will cook with such a sureness, vitality, joy as actually to impart her own lovely skill to the dishes she prepares? And in such a way, too, that the cost of the ingredients doesn't matter? Little or much, it is all the same. When she sets to work assembling a salad with symmetrical detail, she knows from that delicate intuition inside, that lime juice is right for fruit, that a pinch of tarragon goes great with fish, and that a soupçon of garlic was born for greens. Everything she touches is transformed by the magic of her hands.

This confidence gives her a directness that points unmistakably to the rightness of such things as brushing buttermilk biscuits with blended egg yolk and milk for that rich, golden crust, or coating ginger cookies with a swish of egg white scootched from the bottom of the broken eggshell to make their brown tops glisten like shingled roofs on a frosty March

(*Continued on page 68*)

BROILED PIGS' FEET

Simmer 6 pigs' feet until thoroughly tender in salted water, to which have been added 1 small onion, a few slices of carrot, and a sprig of celery. Remove feet from stock. Chill well. Skim stock, strain, save for sauce. Split feet in two. Dredge well in seasoned flour or crumbs. Brush with melted butter. Broil slowly until brown and heated throughout. Serve with oven-browned sauerkraut. Pass mustard sauce. Serves 6.

OVEN-BROWNED SAUERKRAUT

Drain 1½ quarts of kraut. Season with salt and pepper. Place in shallow baking dish or skillet. Sprinkle well with melted butter or bacon fat. Bake in oven, turning the kraut as it browns until it is browned throughout. Serves 6.

MUSTARD SAUCE

Make a roux by blending 2 tablespoons flour with 2 tablespoons butter. Stir well until smooth and slightly brown. Then whip in 1 cup scalded milk, 1 cup meat stock, salt and pepper to taste (1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper). Cook to a smooth consistency. Add 2 level teaspoons English mustard blended with a little water so it won't lump. When sauce is done, strain to serve if not completely smooth. Serves 6.

ARRA

There's more behind this tempting salad than its pleasing symmetrical detail.

LIBERTY PICKS MOVIES ELIGIBLE FOR TOP HONORS

THE PARADINE CASE

DAVID O. SELZNICK has released his long-awaited production of Alfred Hitchcock's The Paradine Case just in time to make a bid for the 1947 Academy Awards. In the film he finally presents his European finds, Alida Valli and Louis Jourdan. With a highly emotional love

Mrs. Paradine (Valli), accused of murder, and her attorney (Gregory Peck).

* * *

SLEEP MY LOVE

MARY PICKFORD and Buddy Rogers know a lot about movies. Especially do they know that nothing pays off as well as a finely knit melodrama. So, for one of the first releases of their newly organized Triangle Productions, they choose

Bruce Elcott (Robert Cummings) finds Alison Courtland (Colbert) very fetching.

* * *

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE

IN transition from stage to screen The Voice of the Turtle comes off extremely well. John Van Druten's gay little tidbit of sex and show business takes to celluloid like a duck to water. Even a snip-snip here and a snip-snip there by the Johnston office hasn't curtailed the delightful ca-

Eleanor Parker plays a winsome Sally Middleton. The soldier is Ronald Reagan.

story to work with, Hitchcock uses London's Old Bailey courtroom as a backdrop. Gregory Peck plays an English lawyer. He defends the beautiful Mrs. Paradine at her trial for murder and falls in love with her. It is Mrs. Paradine's emotional assault on the lawyer, his lovely wife (Ann Todd), and their friends that form the play's plot. Top-drawer cast includes Charles Laughton, Ethel Barrymore, Charles Coburn, Leo Carroll, and Joan Tetzel. Jourdan is excellent as the valet. Good names, good performances, good direction and good show.

Trial is dominated by the beautiful Mrs. Paradine as she tells her life story.

Sleep My Love, a first-rate spine tingler from Leo Rosten's novel. Claudette Colbert as the wife of a husband who wants to eliminate her with sleeping powders, gives her usual polished performance. Husband Don Ameche, in love with another woman, plays one of the most ingenious murderers of the year. But before he can do his wife in, handsome Bob Cummings, who has fallen in love with her, exposes him for the rat he is. George Coulouris, Keye Luke, and Queenie Smith help with the suspense in this well-written, well-directed picture.

Hazel Brooks, Don Ameche, and George Coulouris are the villains of the film.

vortings. In the Warner Brothers version of this wartime comedy, Eleanor Parker plays Sally Middleton, the role made famous by Margaret Sullavan. Miss Parker does a good job as the naïve young actress who unexpectedly finds herself with a week-end house guest—a G. I. whom she had never met before. Ronald Reagan, an ex-G. I. himself, makes a convincing house guest. As the lady wolf, Eve Arden delivers a laugh with every line as she gets her dates mixed. Aiding in the fun—and very good fun it is—are Wayne Morris, Kent Smith, and John Emery.

Many of show's best bits are provided by Eve Arden. Commander is Wayne Morris.

LIBERTY PRESENTS A HOME OF THE MONTH

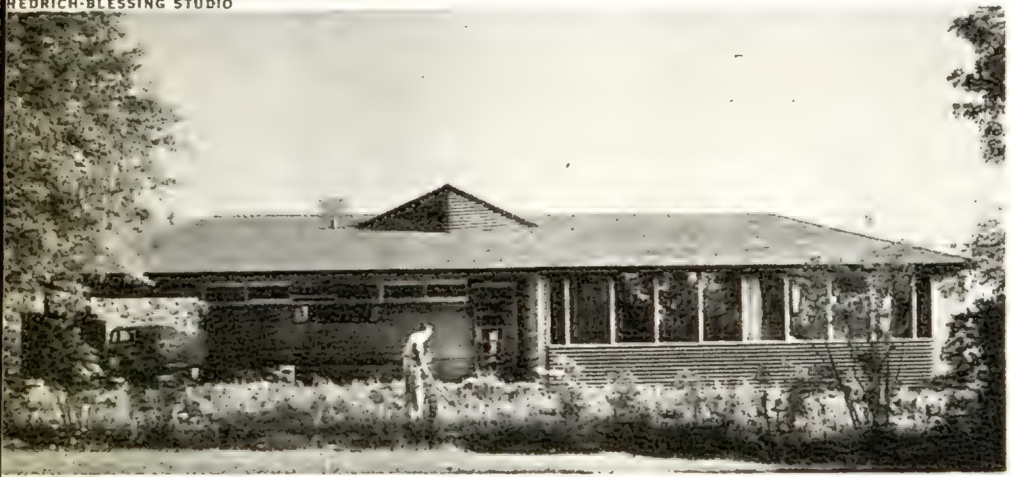
PEOPLE stop for another look as they drive by the home of the Norman A. McDougalls in Glen Ellyn, Illinois. It demonstrates that a house doesn't have to be expensive to be beautiful. It doesn't have to be elaborate to be livable. And it doesn't have to be big to seem that way. In style this house is unquestionably modern in a quiet way. It has a living room, kitchen, bedroom, and study. The architect, Paul Schweikher of Roselle, Illinois, explains it was designed for gently rolling farm land. The big windows of the living room are on the west, toward the best view. A corner of the 24½-foot living room, intended for dining, connects with the kitchen by a serving counter. The bedroom is large and divided by a curtain so that half of it can serve as a separate sitting room or study. There is one small bathroom and a rather tiny study.

The thing that does most to give the house character is its rugged use of natural materials, a use somehow reminiscent of log cabins. Outside, the walls are redwood siding and brick. Where there is brick, it is used for interior walls, too. Other inside walls are fir plywood. No walls are plastered, papered, or painted. The house has had two owners, families of different size and different interests and requirements. It seems to have fitted one as well as the other. The McDougalls bought it from the Richard McVeys, a schoolteacher and his artist-wife, for whom it was planned. The McDougalls are a family of three.

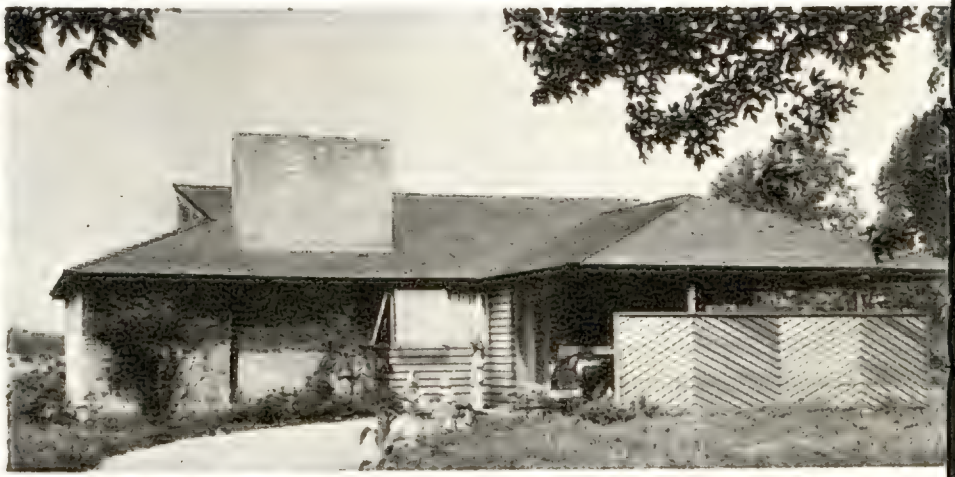
The brick-and-plywood interior finish is unusual and refreshingly friendly in feeling. About the only complicated thing in this simple house is the window treatment. Here Schweikher has made nearly all the glass fixed in place, relying on louvers under windows for most of the ventilation. His own criticism is that the doors over the louvers (which close in cold weather) interfere with furniture arrangement. And where louvers are used, windows cannot come all the way to the floor. Mrs. McDougall would prefer more windows that open. Heat loss, the factor that has discouraged many home builders from using large windows in cold climates, is no problem. Mrs. McDougall finds the oil bills never top $100. The McDougalls say: "We enjoy our house. We call it home, and it is."

BY DARRELL HUFF

HEDRICH-BLESSING STUDIO



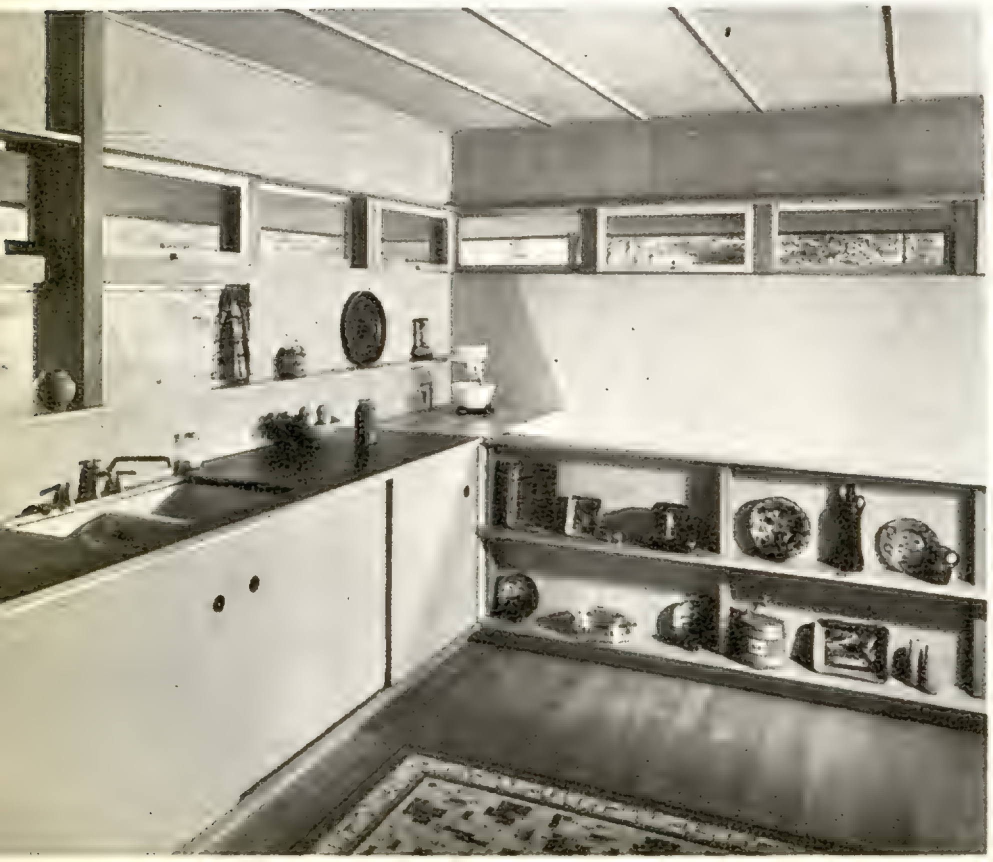
Attractive from back or front, the house has high strip windows for the kitchen.



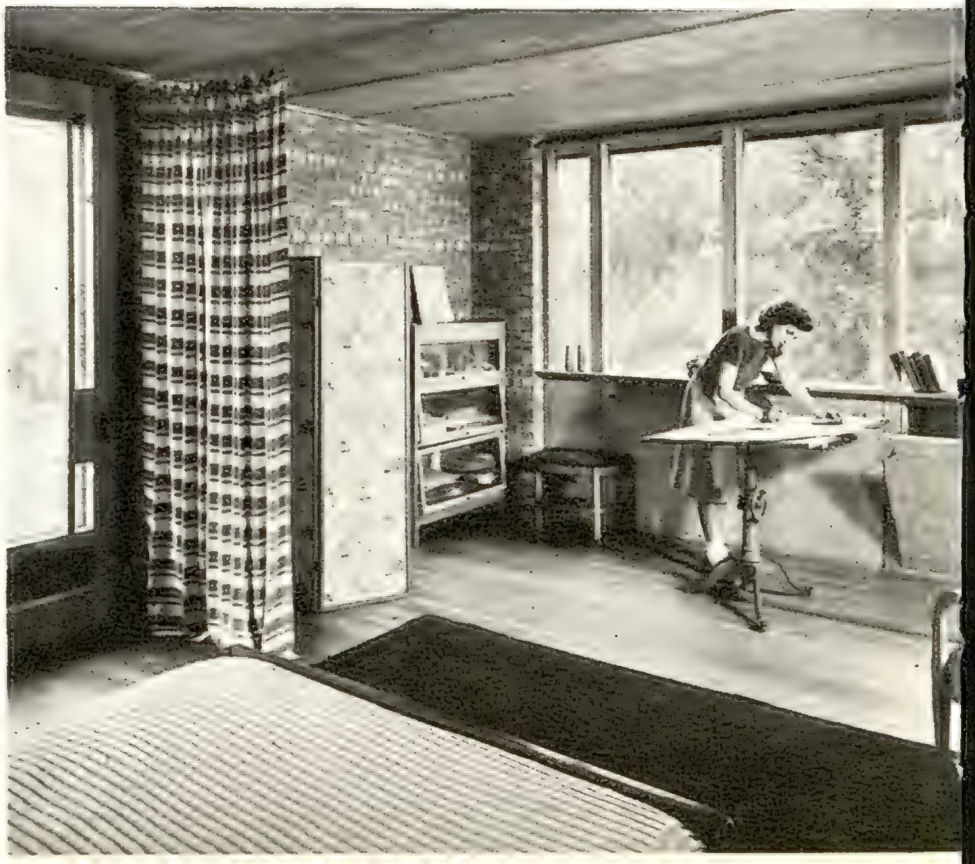
Windows on side toward road are few, giving maximum privacy. Note open car

By combining modern design with natural materials, this small house has the traditional ruggedness of a log cabin

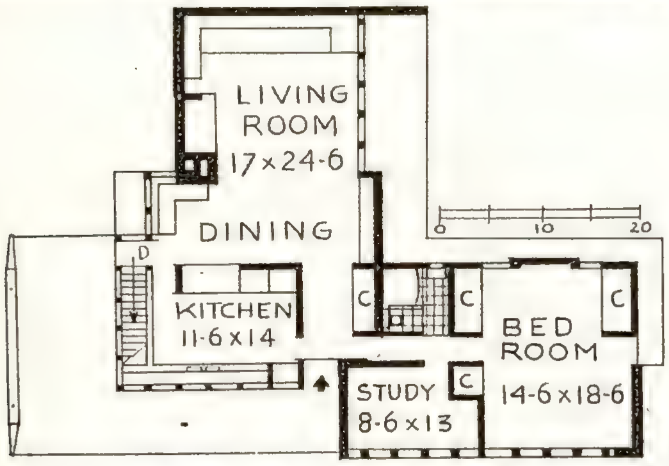
Alternate windows in this trim kitchen open for ventilation. Basement stairway is behind counter, adding to the feeling of space.



One end of bedroom provides space for studio. Windows in studio end are fixed. Screened louvers for ventilation have been built in.



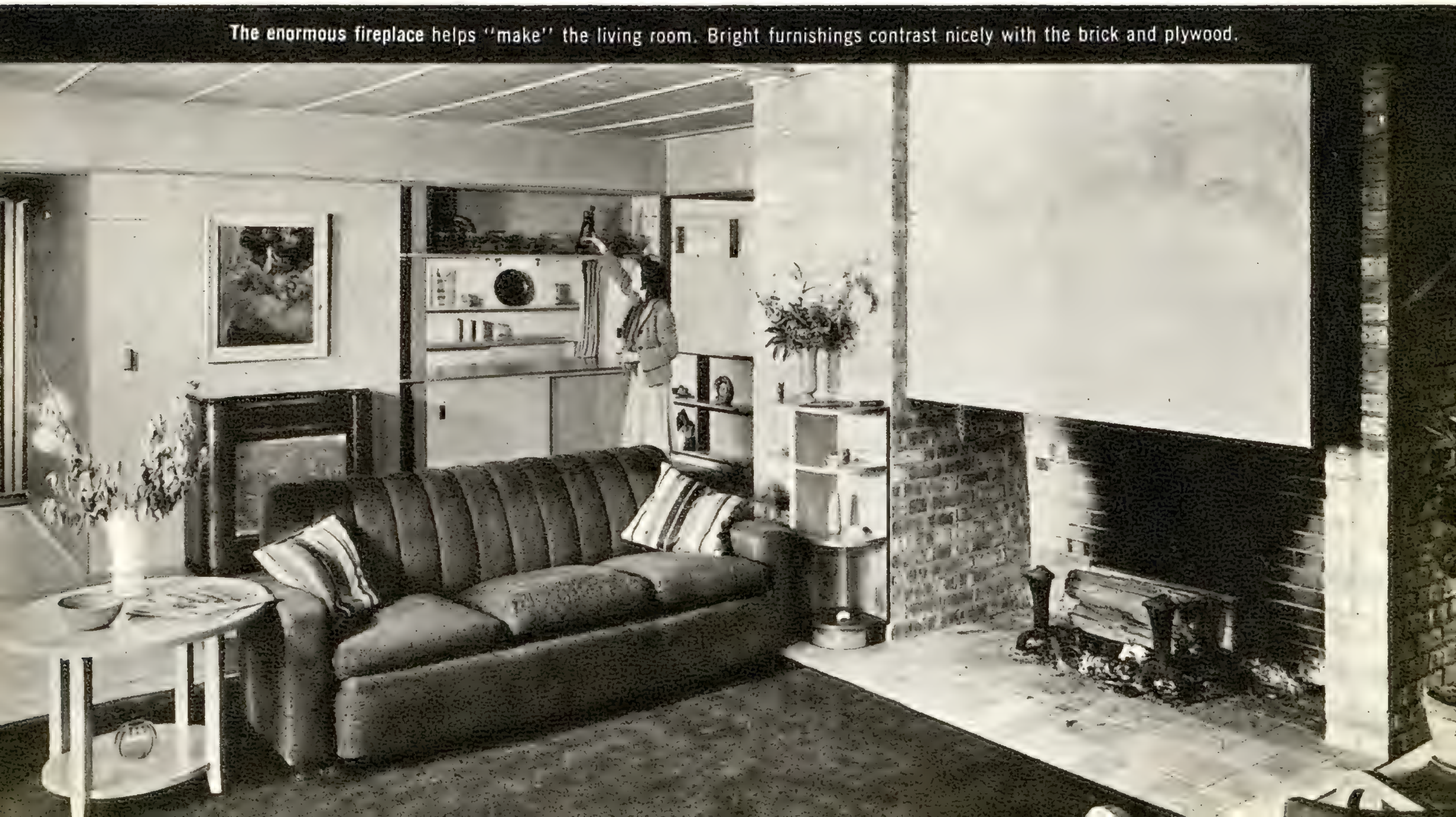
Big window permits the outdoors to help decorate the living room. Brick wall extending outside adds to the effect of unity.


LIVING ROOM 17×24-6
DINING
D
KITCHEN 11-6×14
C
C
C
C
BED ROOM 14-6×18-6
STUDY 8-6×13
0
10
20

Plan is simple and open. One room flows into the next for a feeling of space.

Bedroom has its own outside entrance at left; wing is lower than rest of house.

The enormous fireplace helps "make" the living room. Bright furnishings contrast nicely with the brick and plywood.



Model Destry Scott gets a light from publicist Len MacBain.

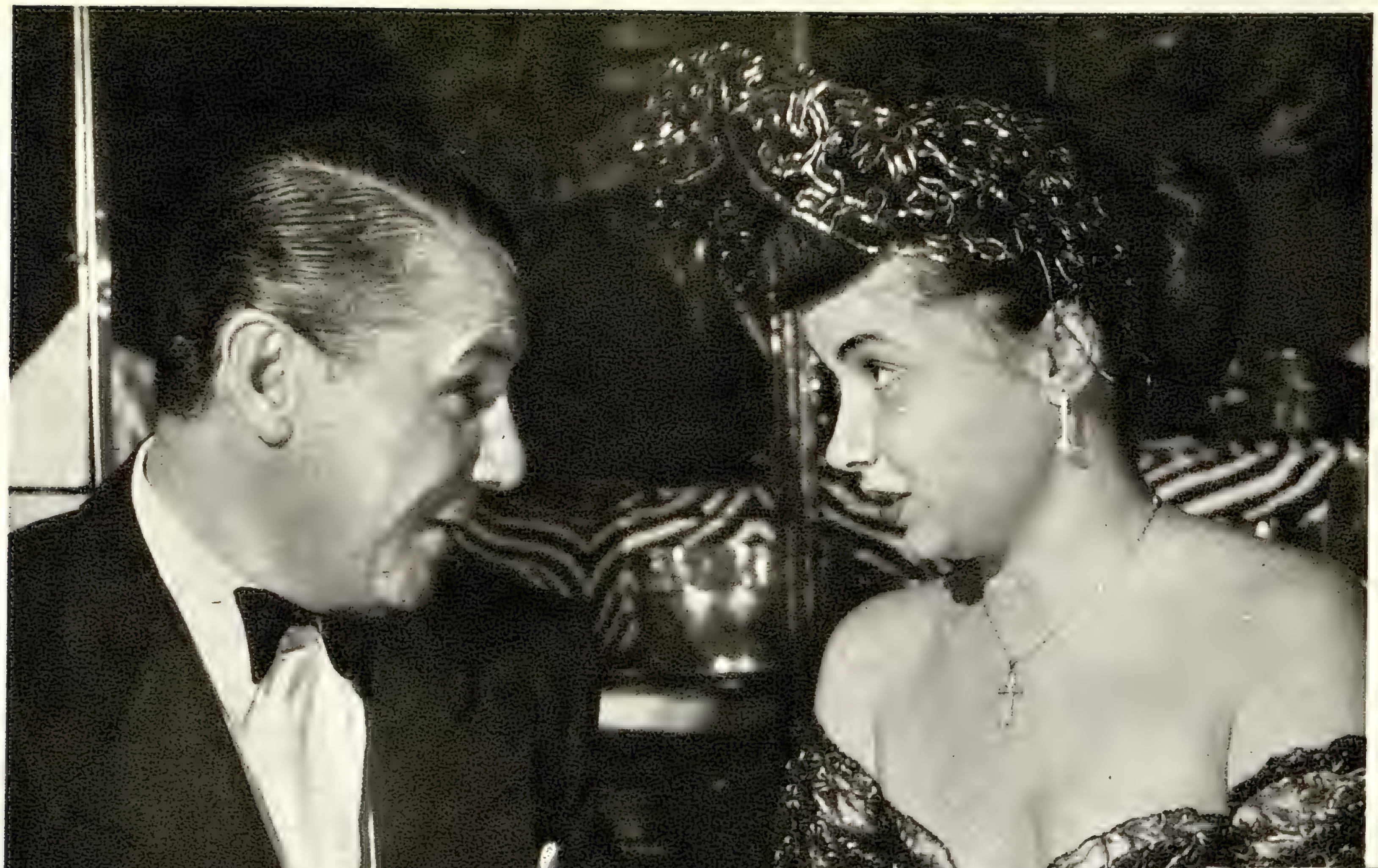
Actress Gene Tierney and Jane Hemingway.

"EL MOROCCO"

Come inside New York's most glamorous night spot for a fabulous evening

Martin De Alzaga Unzue, rich Argentinian (lower left), with Eileen Howe and man-about-town Freddy McEvoy. Right: Cora Sue Collins and Bob Ritchie.

RODGER COSTER, RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE



Genial host John Perona and Cora Sue Collins, former child film star.

WHEN John Perona established the night club El Morocco in Manhattan's sedate East 54th Street 15 years ago, he discovered that the fanciest floor show imaginable to a witty and chic audience of New Yorkers is themselves. Not only were they fascinated by looking at one another and bowing to themselves in the mirrors, they would pay fabulous sums to do it.

It was learned early at El Morocco that people who enjoy their own company also enjoy being photographed, exploited, and celebrated in the public prints. Perona was quick to publish his own monthly magazine called El Morocco No-News. This ad-free, 12-page booklet printed on slick paper is mailed to the club's clientele all over the world. El Morocco has no photo concession

El Morocco from outside.

Cafe stocks $250,000 in rare wines.

Silver fruit bowl crowns food table.

Peter Lawford, film star (lower left), against zebra stripes. Right: Senor Unzue and daughter.

Eileen Howe, Hollywood starlet, in lush mirror-lined powder room.

and thus turns down around $200,000 a year. A staff photographer is on duty regularly to take photographs of socialites and celebrities for the night club's own magazine. And should a guest desire a photograph, he gets it free.

Prince Carl Johan Bernadotte and his wife dine.

Among El Morocco's regular patrons are such personalities as Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly (she was Brenda Frazier), Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Lana Turner, Hope Hampton Brulatour, Doris Duke Rubirosa, Bob Topping, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Farley, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Foy (she was Thelma Chrysler), Bruce Cabot, Martin de Alzaga de Unzue (better known as Macoco), Jack McKeon, Sonja Henie, Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh, Duchess de Talleyrand, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Howard Hughes, Maharajah of Cooch-Behar, Erich María Remarque, and Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor. The club is reported to do around a million dollars' worth of business a year and without the usual night-club come-ons. This is largely due to Perona, who has a flair for making friends of the socially prominent everywhere. Opening night at the Metropolitan Opera is always a brilliant affair at El Morocco, too. It is then that the Met's boxholders drop by for an after-the-opera "snack."

Headwaiter Carina makes El Morocco tick.

The average check at El Morocco is around $10 a person and up. A little dish such as Pheasant Souvaroff for two comes to $15 without drinks. Eggs Benedict, however, will set you back *only* $2 a plate. If you prefer something stronger than water with your meals, that would cost you a mite more than the corner tavern. For example, Scotch-and-soda would set you back $1.22, and a glass of champagne $1.75. The club can serve 300 persons at a time and top man behind its efficient service is headwaiter Carino. He is a walking Who's Who of society. He has been with the club since it started and is said to be in the $50,000-a-year bracket.

BESSIE AND THE SERGEANT

Continued from Page 27

ness of her attitude was mainly defensive. The older woman's passion for her home, so like the urge that ruled herself, touched her deeply and she wished to help her.

Against these things, she was loath to lose more precious time. She burned for progress, and above all wished her husband to be of her choosing, not another's. Still, a girl *might* fall for young Galt Shalcross.

FOUR days later Bessie was still undecided. It was evening. She had set the milk in the gleaming copper pans to cool, when the dog barked and the old lady gave a cry. Joining her at the half-door, she saw coming across the stubble from the fall-tinged woods two young men, one almost carrying the other.

Grandmother Shalcross peered with great concern till they were near. Then she burst out, "Mercy! That's Galt! And the other's young Jacob Buis. This means trouble!"

Galt's right arm was bloody, his companion was near collapse.

"They're close behind us, grandmother. We circled way out here, but couldn't shake them. We were behind their lines and not in uniform. If they catch us we'll hang for spies. Once we could cross the ferry we'd be safe, but we've no chance. They're mounted. Hide us in the Indian hole. We'll leave by the bolthole after dark."

"How many are there?" Grandma Shalcross asked.

"They split up. I don't think more than three came this way. They're heavy dragoons. Not fast."

"When will they get here?"

"Any minute. In half an hour at most. We must hide now, quickly."

Galt ran into the larder and heaved up a trapdoor in the floor. Below, a ladder led into a cellar for storing roots and pickled meats. He dropped down and from the poles that lined it dragged back a section which hid the entrance to a tunnel, made for escape in the early days should Indians surround the place. Its exit was in a thicket on the creek bank, out of sight of the house.

As Bessie climbed down and helped Galt get the more severely wounded man inside, her pulse raced. The thing that all her life had held her impotent was lack of opportunity. Now one was taking shape. She was to have the chance of learning if she wished this young gallant for her husband.

Upstairs the old lady's eyes were frightened. Seizing Bessie's arm, she said, "We must delay these soldiers. At any cost, we've got to hold them. What can we do?"

Bessie considered. She had watched men well and knew their strengths and weaknesses.

"If they don't come here too soon," she said, "I'll hold them tighter than a jail. Now, this is what we must do. . . ."

In about fifteen minutes the old lady, gazing out the window, squeaked, "They're here!"

But only one redcoat on a gray horse left the woods. As he cantered up the dirt road toward the house, Bessie, before the fire of logs, lifted the big iron skillet. "Only one? If he leaves here inside two hours, he's a tougher man than most." She reached for a long-shanked fork, covered the pan with ham, and started frying it.

Reaching the door, the dragoon dismounted with a clank of gear and knocked peremptorily.

He saw in the inviting place the evening meal in preparation. The table was set with bread, cheese, butter, and a variety of relishes. On the plank sideboard were a ham, a brown smoked turkey, a crock of fruit, jars of preserves, a rum decanter, and a jack of ale. Soup steamed before the fire, before which bent a comely girl with a bowl of eggs beside her, frying ham whose rich aroma filled the air.

Then he recalled his duty. In a broad southern English burr he said, civilly, "Haave two men been here, ma'am, one o' them hurt?"

The women, outwardly so casual, had agreed on tactics to convince pursuers that to go on was futile. "Yes," said the old lady. "They rode by two hours ago."

"How var to Maasters' Verry?"

Grandma Shalcross glanced at his tired horse. "That beast won't get you there by dark. If you want the men, you've lost them. They'll be well across the ferry now. Get along off my place now. We want our supper."

Bessie turned and stood up, carrying the spluttering skillet. She forked up a slice of ham and laid it back with a sizzle. "Will the gentleman be here for supper? Shall I fry more ham?" Her gray eyes found the soldier's, and she held them for some moments while a crimson flood suffused her neck and face. For as she met his frank gaze and saw the light that sprang in it, her heart leaped.

FULL-FED, his powerful legs apart, the sergeant sprawled before the fire. The boys would be well across the river now, and Grandma Shalcross itched to have the hated redcoat out.

"Thankye," the sergeant said, and sighed again. "That were the voinest meal iver Oi had. D'ye know how sodgers eat campaigning?"

"Why do it, then? There are other ways to live," Bessie said pertly.

"Not vor the loikes of Oi, lass. Us can't choose."

"And what like may that be?" Bessie promptly demanded.

Mellowed by food and ale, albeit modestly, the sergeant told them. By the time he stood up reluctantly buckling his belt he had told a deal about himself.

He hesitated, then blurted, "Thankye koindly, ma'am and miss. That was a veed Oi'll remember many's the day."

When he opened the door, the night showed black. Bessie said quickly, "You'll need a light." She lit a lanthorn, accompanied him out and shut the door. The light disappeared into the barn.

Time ticked along. Waiting, between relief at Galt's escape and weariness after the day's exactions, Grandmother Shalcross slept.

MORE than an hour later Bessie came in.

Grandmother Shalcross shot at her, "Whatever kept you?"

"The horse had a shoe loose."

Bessie's eyes were melting, her hair tumbled.

After one searching look at her, Grandmother Shalcross burst out, "So! You hussy! That's why you've been so long. Shame on you! A strange man and an enemy."

"It was not bad behavior. It was decent courting," Bessie said raptly.

The old lady's eyes popped. "You must be mad. What about Galt?"

"He may not want me. It was just your scheme. The sergeant is a fine, good man. He joined to fight the French, and never thought they'd send him to America to fight his kin. He wants me and I want him."

"Fiddlesticks. He's told that tarradiddle to a dozen like you. And what about this home you're set on? Twenty-one years he said he'd signed for, and he's served six. Will you wait fifteen years for him, or will you be a soldier's baggage, dragging from camp to camp?"

"A girl must do the best she can, ma'am."

"And that for you is to wed my grandson. If he heard of this, he wouldn't have you. You've behaved like a fool as well as a trollop."

Bessie said meekly, "Good night, ma'am," and climbed to the attic.

The sun was rising when she was awakened by clattering and men's voices in the yard below.

"Who's there?" Grandmother Shalcross quavered.

"Open! Hurry!" came the order.

Bessie scrambled down the ladder. In the chill early light, the yard was filled with sweating horses and dragoons. Seeing the frail old lady, the major tempered his address. "I'm sorry to disturb you, madam. A sergeant of mine was here last evening. Don't deny it."

"A redcoat came here. Yes."

"What time?"

"About sunset. We fed him and he left."

"Where for?"

"To go back to his friends, he said."

"His horse came back to us alone—soaked with blood."

Grandmother Shalcross gasped and Bessie cried fearfully, "Oh, no!"

The major turned to her. "What's

it to you, my girl?" Bessie hung her head. Grandmother Shalcross snapped, "The man trifled with her. You know wenches."

"So that's it! She fuddled him with love-making and drink and some man here killed him. I'm going to search the place. If I prove you've lied once, I'll burn it."

It was dusk when at last they clattered off. Grandmother Shalcross sank into her chair, lips shaking. "Could it be Galt killed the man?"

Bessie, on whom the day had been no less a strain, though from a different cause, said, "He must have left long before, and went the other way. And the sergeant may not be dead. He may turn up."

When they had eaten, dark had come. Before the fire, the older woman started spinning.

Bessie sat and stared at the fire. John Wadey's death had hurt her more than she had shown, was Grandmother Shalcross' thought.

The old lady said kindly, "Do your work, child. Work and time are the sure cures of human grief. They never fail. You didn't want to be a soldier's woman, dragging your children after him from camp to camp. You want your own home and security, and I'll see you have them. In three days Galt will be here."

For some moments Bessie stayed quite still. Then she sat up. "Mr. Galt's not for me, ma'am. I need a home man and a farmer. Even if he wants me, Galt will want city life and things I can't give. I wouldn't have him."

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Then, in an odd voice, Bessie said, "It means much to you to have me stay, ma'am?"

"Yes," said the aged woman wearily. "I'm eighty-two and can't do for myself. When you go, I'm beaten. I can't stay here."

"I want to help you, truly, but my life's going by and I can't spare the time."

The other did not answer and again the silence settled.

Then slowly Bessie told her: "There is a bargain we could make."

Her voice was so tense and filled with meaning that Grandmother Shalcross' head came around, her gaze suddenly intent. "A bargain?"

Bessie swallowed. "If you'd—promise me that if I—came to love a man who has no land, you would give us the homestead, I'd stay with you through the war, however long it lasts."

Grandmother Shalcross did not answer for a long time, but sat eying her. Then she said, "To live here until I die means everything to me, and well you know it. But there's more to this. There's something else on your mind. Out with it."

Bessie hesitated, started to speak, stopped, and looked scared. Then suddenly, she sprang up and lit a candle, went to the larder and flung up the trap. Descending into the cellar, she dragged back the tunnel door and called, "John! John! You can come out."

Presently, out through the entrance to the Indian hole squeezed Sergeant Wadey.

BESSIE looked flustered and charming as she declared, "We're not going to wait any fifteen years. I put him in the outside way last night and bled a fowl on the horse to make them think he was killed."

"You must be crazy. It's desertion! He'll be shot, and you jailed," Grandmother Shalcross cried.

"They won't find him. They think he's dead and they've searched here, haven't they? We'll get him clothes and burn his uniform, and he'll hide at the homestead along with Mr. Galt. He'll grow a beard and stay right there till the war's over."

As the extent of Bessie's scheme grew plain, Grandmother Shalcross' eyes bulged. "And you think I'd give my son's place to a redcoat!" she exploded.

"No, ma'am," Bessie said steadily, "but to a decent man who wants a home so much, he was prepared to soldier half his life to get it."

The old woman's mouth shut like a trap and she sat motionless.

Bessie's elbow jabbed the sergeant's ribs. "Say something, can't you!"

The large young man rubbed his nose, swallowed, then charged the breach. "Ma'am, none of my volk iver owned a rod of land. All labored vor a maaster and could never zave. Zoldiers can zave, if zo be they will, zo Oi took the zhillin' vor that, when my toime were up, Oi could buy a cottage and an aacre and live as a man should, vrom my own soil. Now, by the wonder of Providence, Oi've met this lass who wishes loikwise. Us be two volks hungered zorely vor the zame thing. Us have risked, worked, and hoped, each one alone, to get a home. Us means to do it now together, man and woife, each to our paart, as is good and zeemly. And as vor desertion, Oi zigned to vight the Vrench, not the Colonials. There's many a British off'cer will not vight here. One of our best, the Lord Jeffrey Amherst, resigned his commission rather."

The old lady's face did not relax. She told Bessie obdurately, "Your getting the place depended on your staying with me."

"But I will stay. That's the point. John will live on the homestead. He'll have my five dollars a month, and on that he can fix the house and put in crops, using our tools. I'll live here and care for you and help him as and when I can. Then, when the war's over, everything will be ready and I'll move straight in. The plan serves us each as we most need, ma'am, and hurts no one."

The old woman showed no yielding.

"Oi don't ask your land vor nothing," John Wadey said. "All Oi ask is vriendly help." He unbuttoned his shirt and dragged out a heavy money belt, black and dried with sweat. "Here's zix years' zavings, English gold. Leave me enough vor a team and tools and keep the rest agin the place. The rest Oi'll pay wi' work and crops, if zo be I can't wi' cash."

HIS forthrightness was not lost on Grandma Shalcross. For a while she sat silent. Then she said, "All right, I'll try you. You can live on the place and show if you can farm American style and stand the life. If you make good, and she sees me through the war, I'll give you both the land the day you're married and you can keep your money. And I'll start you with preserves, a chest of linen, and some pots as well. You're fighting for a home. I fought for mine once, myself, right here. That's why I'll never leave it and why I'm helping you."

It was the crowning effort of two wearing days. Her figure sagged into her chair. With joyful eyes, Bessie sprang forward. "There!" she said tenderly. "You're worn out. Rest, while I get supper." Blushing, she laughed at Wadey, "As good as the one that kept you here last night, before you go on hog and hominy. There's wood in the shed. Make up the fire, and mind you don't upset the cream out there."

John Wadey grinned. "Oi thought Oi'd left the zaargeant major! But Oi'll do it, lass, and all else 'ee bids me—zo long as it's zuch as does become a maan."

MR. MUDGETT MAKES A BREAK

Continued from Page 17

those chimes ring!"

"Manic tendencies," Bent jotted in the notebook.

"Did you ever want to do something and not have the courage to do it? I had hated those infernal chimes since the day Otis dedicated them. It gave me a lot of pleasure."

An interesting case, Bent thought. No impairment of mental faculties, merely a lack of inhibitions.

"You can profit by my experience, young man. Don't get in a rut. Happy Vale is a model sanitarium, but it holds no future for you. You should start a practice in the city."

"I'd like to," said Bent gravely, "but it takes money."

"Don't worry—you'll have plenty of money when you marry the daughter of Claude Wombolt, the cannery king."

Bent seemed to be groping for a reply.

"I read the daily papers," explained Mr. Mudgett. "It's part of my therapy. I read the article about your engagement to Gloria Wombolt."

"That was a mistake." Bent's dark eyes flashed angrily.

"Too bad. Did she turn you down?"

THIS hurt Bent's pride. "I decided not to marry at this particular time," he said. "I have a career ahead of me—"

"And very little money behind you," added Mr. Mudgett. "I dare say old Wombolt had something to do with it. He isn't the type who would fancy a poor struggling psychiatrist for a son-in-law."

"You're entirely wrong."

"Your emphatic denial makes me feel that I'm right," insisted Mr. Mudgett. "Don't you love the girl?"

"I—I'm quite fond of Gloria, yes. Nevertheless, I feel that my future is of prime importance—"

"Now you're trying to rationalize. I'll bet you'd marry her in a minute if it weren't for the old man."

Bent suddenly realized that Mr. Mudgett was psychoanalyzing *him,* and it gave him an uncomfortable feeling. "I think we've accomplished enough for today," he said stiffly.

Mr. Mudgett refused to be squelched. "Your trouble is very plain," he declared. "You are a coward."

"My dear man, there's no use discussing matters which neither of us can control."

Mr. Mudgett arose and put both hands in his coat pockets. He stared at Bent meditatively, and then he said, "Doctor, I want you to follow my instructions. If you make one wrong move, I am going to shoot you."

To prove that he could do it, he removed his right hand from his pocket and pointed a revolver at Bent's head.

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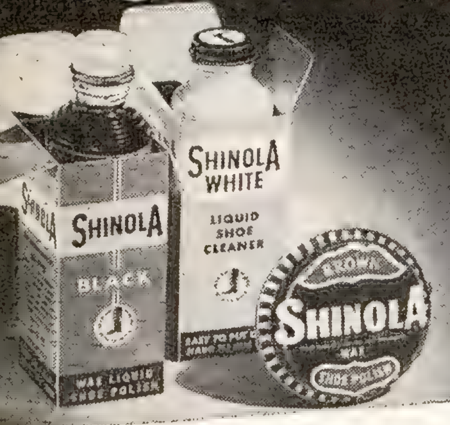

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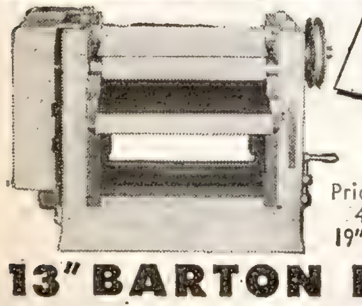

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MORRIS was inside the gatehouse when he saw Bent's green sedan wheel down the drive. He opened the gate quickly and raised his hand to his cap as Bent drove past.

Bent failed to return the greeting. He was too preoccupied with the thought of Mr. Mudgett's gun pointing at the back of his skull. When the car reached the main highway, Mr. Mudgett got up off the floor and sat on the back seat.

"You should feel happy on this beautiful morning, my boy," said Mr. Mudgett cheerfully. "I have decided to make you wealthy."

"You'll regret this," said Bent. "They'll take away your bungalow privileges and lock you up in a cell."

Mr. Mudgett chuckled. "Mr. Sigismund would be pleased if he knew how successful his plastic revolver was."

"What's that?" Bent glanced over one shoulder.

"This gun—it's made of plastic. It belongs to Mr. Sigismund. He enjoys being a G-man."

Bent's neck reddened. "That's a good one," he said with forced jocularity. "That was a good joke on me."

He started to turn the car around.

"Where are we going?"

"Back to the sanitarium, of course. You've had your fun. There'll be the devil to pay if they find I've let you out."

Mr. Mudgett saw that it was no use to argue. He gripped the bottom part of his stout gold-handled cane and brought the top part into violent contact with Bent's head.

Bent stiffened, then sagged back. The car drifted into a small ditch by the roadside and came to a halt.

WHEN Bent regained consciousness, he was lying on a cot in a dark drab room with barred windows. His head ached and he seemed to be surrounded by the heavy aroma of whisky. It was night, and the room was lighted by a single bulb which hung from a cord in the ceiling. He stumbled to the door, found it locked, and began hammering on it with both fists. A key rattled, and a large muscular man in a white uniform entered. He had a plate of sandwiches in one hand and a glass of amber liquid in the other.

"I hope you feel more disposed than you was this morning, Dr. Jones," the man said, placing the plate and glass on a table.

"What do you mean?" Bent asked peevishly. "Where am I?"

"At Binkley Haven. Your uncle left you here."

"My uncle?"

"Mr. Mudgett. We got instructions not to give you the cure, only to make you comfortable. You get just one glass of whisky a day to keep you from having the screamies."

"See here, I've never taken more than a couple of drinks in my life! I don't *like* liquor!"

"Sure." The big man nodded understandingly and went out.

Bent felt terrible. In fact, he felt so terrible that he drank the whisky. In a vague way he was beginning to understand what Mr. Mudgett had done to him. To all outward appearances, Dr. Jones realized, he had kidnaped a mental patient, got roaring drunk, and ended up in a rest home for alcoholics. How could he explain that to the hospital board?

The problem now was to get out, and as the days went by he found that it was no small problem. The big man, whose name was Joe, watched him like a panther whenever he went into the yard for exercise. Binkley Haven was an old brick mansion, built like a Bastille.

"I've got good news for you, doc," Joe said one evening. "Your uncle's come for you. He's downstairs."

THEY went to the lobby. Mr. Mudgett was there, wearing a brand-new hat with a red feather in the band. "Delighted to see you, my boy," he said heartily. "You look much better."

Bent replied with a scowl. He found it difficult at this moment to regard Mr. Mudgett with the care and solicitude a doctor owes a patient. "Get me out of here," he said.

"It's all arranged. The car is outside."

A black limousine was waiting by the curb. As Mr. Mudgett approached, a chauffeur opened the door. "Where's *my* car?" demanded Bent.

"I traded it in for this one," said Mr. Mudgett.

Bent sank back into the cushions. "Where did you get the money?"

"Your bankbook was in your pocket, so I cashed a check to complete the down payment. Being an excellent penman, I was able to copy your signature from your driver's license."

Bent groaned. "You've ruined me," he said. "The police are undoubtedly looking for us by now."

"There hasn't been anything in the papers," said Mr. Mudgett. "Not a word. I apologize for hitting you on the head, but it was the only thing I could do."

"I wasn't unconscious all that time from a blow on the head."

"There was some nembutal in your medicine bag. I gave you a few tablets and then drenched you with whisky. When I took you to Binkley Haven you looked as though you had been intoxicated for a week."

Bent sighed. He had to admit that the old gentleman was plenty clever.

The car slid up a curved driveway and stopped in front of a brightly lighted building. The chauffeur opened the door, and Bent recognized the ornate Empire Hotel. "What are we doing here?" he asked.

"Oh, this is where we live," replied Mr. Mudgett.

Bent accompanied Mr. Mudgett through the hotel lobby, conscious of his disheveled clothes and stubble of beard. They went up to the tenth floor and entered a three-room suite.

"I bought you some things," said Mr. Mudgett. "I had to guess your size, but I think most of them will fit."

The closet of Bent's bedroom contained five new suits. The bureau was crammed with shirts, ties, socks, and other accessories.

"Where'd you get the money?"

"After buying the car, I used what was left in your bank account to make a quick deal in stocks. It netted me a sizable profit."

Just then the telephone rang, and Mr. Mudgett answered it. "Yes," he said. "Send him up."

"Who was that?"

"Mr. Wombolt. I suggest you tidy up a bit before he arrives. You look like you'd spent the night at a wake. He's coming to discuss some business."

Bent wondered what was going to happen. Wombolt would know immediately that Mr. Mudgett was happily insane.

There was a knock on the door, and Bent ducked into the bathroom.

Mr. Wombolt did not shake hands. Instead, he glared at Mr. Mudgett.

"So you're Albert J. Mudgett," he said. "What kind of game is this?"

"I don't play games," said Mr. Mudgett. "As I told you on the telephone, I am thinking of building a fish cannery and reduction plant at Davis Island."

"You're aware that I own the only cannery in this part of the state?"

Mr. Mudgett nodded. "I also know that you are trying to float a new stock issue to expand and modernize. Personally, I think it's for another reason. Your company didn't do so well during the war."

"You're making a mistake."

"I think not. Mr. Winton Hooper, the oil man, is of the same opinion."

"Is that scoundrel Hooper behind you?"

"HOOPER has agreed to invest a small amount in the venture—a hundred thousand. I'll finance the rest myself."

"That ignorant cowhand! He's gone in with you just to spite me. I'm not worried."

"You must be or you wouldn't have come to see me."

"That's the way with you Eastern bankers," grumbled Wombolt. "We start a good business and you try to muscle in."

"To tell the truth, I'd never have thought of it if my nephew hadn't pointed out to me the vast profit potential."

"Who is your nephew?"

"Dr. Benton Jones, the eminent psychiatrist."

Mr. Wombolt frowned. "Not the same Dr. Jones that's—er—acquainted with my daughter?"

"Bent—come in and meet Mr. Wombolt!"

Bent was listening at the door. He decided to brazen it out.

"So it *is* you." Wombolt's small eyes were hostile. "I hear you have suddenly become interested in canning fish."

"You seem to have done very well at it." Bent found that his voice was

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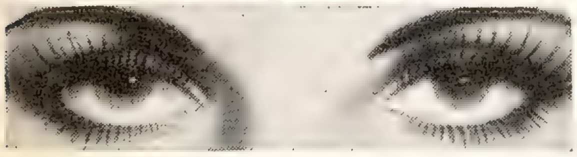

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clear, with more than a hint of challenge in it.

Mr. Mudgett seemed pleased. "Bent's business acumen is extraordinary," he said. "You would have been lucky to get him as a son-in-law."

Wombolt's jowls became pinkish. "I kicked him out of the house once, and I'd do it again!"

"You are extremely obnoxious," stated Mr. Mudgett. "It will be a pleasure to ruin you. Good evening, sir."

He opened the door, and as Wombolt cruised across the threshold at full power, he put one foot out and shoved. Wombolt fell flat on his stomach in the hall. Mr. Mudgett closed the door, muffling the roar of rage that reverberated through the corridor.

"Why did you do that?" asked Bent.

"It seemed like a good idea."

"What was all this talk about running him out of business?"

"It isn't just talk. Winton Hooper is solidly behind me. The hate that Hooper and Wombolt have for each other is beautiful. And Hooper has plenty of money."

Bent sank to the sofa wearily. "I don't know what to do," he confessed. "You've got me in such a mess that I don't know how I'll get out of it."

"Look at it this way," said Mr. Mudgett. "I put you in this situation—so there's a bare chance that I may be clever enough to get you out of it, provided I have your co-operation. If I fail, you can always go to Africa and start out anew."

"I don't want to go to Africa," said Bent sadly. "I'm very much in love with Gloria Wombolt."

"Then why don't you phone her? Ask her to a movie or a boat ride."

Bent picked up the phone.

GLORIA was always late. She showed up at two forty-five with a funny little green hat perched on top of her bronze-colored hair. Bent and Mr. Mudgett were waiting in the lobby.

"Hello there," said Bent with magnificent unconcern.

"Hello yourself," she replied.

"Very pretty," remarked Mr. Mudgett. "Good legs, clear eyes, good teeth. I admire beauty."

"Thank you," she said. "I suppose you're Bent's uncle?"

"I helped raise him," nodded Mr. Mudgett.

"What are you two conspirators doing to poor old dad?"

"Nothing—yet," said Mr. Mudgett. "I merely informed your father that we intend to drive him to the wall."

"Is that necessary?"

"He threw my nephew out of the house. In my part of the country that is commonly regarded as an insult."

"Dad had a cat fit when I got engaged to Bent," she said. "I guess he was afraid that, for once, I was serious."

"Were you?" asked Bent.

"I might have been—if you hadn't run out on me."

Mr. Mudgett picked up his hat and cane. "You children will have to struggle along without my companionship," he said. "I have an appointment with Mr. Winton Hooper."

"You're not going in with *him?*"

"I need a good live representative, and Hooper is most enthusiastic about the venture."

He made a sweeping bow, gave a short hopping jump and revolved one hundred and eighty degrees in mid-air. Swinging his cane he scampered through the revolving door.

"What a peculiar little man," said Gloria. "Does he always act like that?"

"Sometimes he acts worse," said Bent morosely.

"Dad will fight him tooth and nail. He's having him investigated right now."

"He's—what?"

"Investigating his financial status."

Bent had that sinking feeling again. "I need a drink," he said. "Where'll we go?"

"I didn't know you drank."

"I didn't until I took the cure."

"You're silly. By the way, are you still working for that mental hospital out in the country?"

"No," said Bent. "I'm thinking of going to Africa."

"How exciting. I've always wanted to go there. To get in the mood, suppose we drive across town to the Congo Club? My car's out in front."

The Congo Club was one of those places Bent usually avoided. After two drinks, however, he decided that he had spent his life avoiding the wrong places. He suddenly felt wonderful.

"You've certainly changed," Gloria told him. "I think your uncle must have something to do with it. He's a dear."

"He's quite unusual." Bent did not care to discuss Mr. Mudgett. For the past hour he had managed to forget that Mr. Mudgett existed.

"He must be very rich."

"He's done well for himself."

Deliberate dissociation of guilt, that's what it was—Bent admitted to himself. He was playing Mr. Mudgett's game of make-believe and enjoying it.

They danced for a while, talked for a while, then danced some more. Toward the end of the evening he kissed her as they stood by the orchestra platform, and she snuggled closer to him.

MR. MUDGETT was still up when Bent returned to the hotel. "I got it," he said, waving a yellow strip of paper in Bent's face. "Good old Hooper!"

Bent took the paper and stared at it. It was a certified check for fifty thousand dollars.

"Don't look so troubled," said Mr. Mudgett. "Hooper was bound and determined to join me in the cannery venture, and he gave me this as half payment for his interest."

"What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Invest it—in Wombolt Canneries."

"I don't understand."

"Wombolt's stock has been declining for the past three days, due to rumors about competition. It's due to take a big drop tomorrow, when Hooper announces that he joined up with a competitive organization. When Wombolt stock reaches ten, I shall buy five thousand shares."

During the next three days Bent spent most of his time with Gloria. He had almost forgotten the past and he thought very little about the future. There were, however, three things that he wondered about slightly from time to time. First, why had there never been any mention of their disappearance in the newspapers? Second, why did Hooper give Mr. Mudgett fifty thousand dollars without checking on him thoroughly? And third, why had Wombolt's investigation failed to uncover the truth?

The last question was answered unexpectedly while he and Gloria were driving along the coast.

"Dad's awfully worried," she said. "He's been telephoning your uncle every day, but the hotel operator won't put the calls through. You see, dad didn't realize at first that Mr. Mudgett was so very rich. When he got that report—"

"What report?"

"On your uncle's financial status. Don't act so innocent. You know that Mr. Mudgett could buy and sell dad a hundred times. Dad told me that he'd consent to our marriage and even give you a share of the business if you could persuade your uncle to forget about building another cannery."

When Bent got back to the hotel, he relayed the news to Mr. Mudgett.

"It's been working even better than I expected," Mr. Mudgett said. "It's about time to have another talk with Wombolt."

"But what about the financial report? Don't tell me you're the Caliph of Bagdad in disguise."

"Gracious, no," said Mr. Mudgett dryly. "The Caliph merely happens to have the same name as mine. His first name is Albert; mine is Andrew. We used to be mistaken for each other quite often."

"Now I get it," said Bent. "Evidently Hooper made the same mistake when he gave you the fifty thousand."

"That's quite possible. And speaking of money, it may interest you to know that I invested the entire amount in Wombolt Canneries this morning."

At breakfast next day Mr. Mudgett picked up the newspaper and turned to the financial section. "Oh my," he said. "My gracious!"

"What's the trouble?" asked Bent.

"Wombolt Canneries went up half a point. It wasn't supposed to rise until I was ready for it to rise. I can't understand it. We'd better see Wom-

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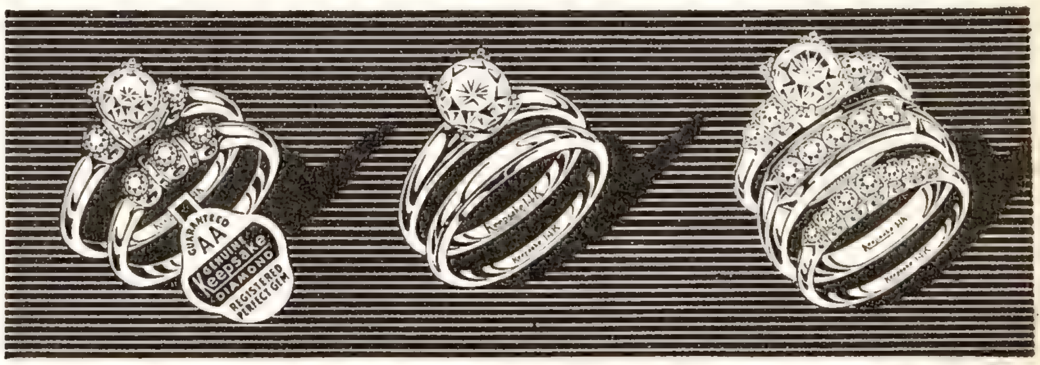

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bolt at once. If he discovers his stock is going up, we'll lose our hold on him."

The butler led them into a large paneled library. Seated on the sofa was a gaunt man with red sideburns and a thin nose like a beak. The stranger glowered at Mr. Mudgett.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "I knew you was in cahoots with him!"

"This is Mr. Hooper," Mr. Mudgett told Bent calmly. "He seems to be distressed about something."

"You bet I'm distressed! I paid you fifty thousand dollars for a share of the new cannery. I don't think you intended to build a cannery."

"Why?"

"Yesterday afternoon I found out that you invested fifty grand in Wombolt Canneries. Everybody in town knows you're backin' Wombolt now. Your broker spilled the beans."

"There's no cause for alarm."

"I ain't alarmed. I want my money —pronto."

Bent hardly saw it happen. Mudgett's gold-handled cane swished down so quickly it resembled a blur of yellow light. Mr. Hooper stood there for a second looking very blank. Then he collapsed.

"Quick! Put him in there." Mr. Mudgett pointed to a wood closet by the fireplace.

"Darling! What are you doing here?"

Bent closed the closet door hurriedly. Gloria was standing by the hall staircase.

"I—we came to see your father," Bent stammered.

"I do hope it's about what I mentioned yesterday," she said. "I'll tell him you're waiting."

Mr. Mudgett spotted the morning paper on a stand. He tore out the financial page and put it in his pocket.

Mr. Wombolt came down at once, accompanied by Gloria. His round face was apprehensive.

"I have good news for you," said Mr. Mudgett. "I have decided not to compete with you."

"I see." Wombolt rubbed his hands.

"No, you don't. You know I could wreck you if I chose. However, my nephew's happiness is worth more to me than money, and he informed me that he still wishes to marry your daughter."

"Well—I think Dr. Jones is a fine man."

"Your daughter apparently thinks so too. Therefore, in addition to my blessing, I am giving them a wedding present of twenty-five thousand dollars. I shall expect you to match this amount."

"That sounds reasonable." Wombolt was trying to be agreeable.

"I've written an agreement." Mr. Mudgett took a paper from his pocket and placed it on the table. "It states what I have just proposed."

Wombolt read the paper, picked up a pen, and affixed his signature. Mr. Mudgett did likewise.

"This is wonderful, Bent," said Gloria enthusiastically. "Nothing can spoil our happiness now."

The door to the wood closet opened and Mr. Hooper staggered out like an avenging demon. "You ornery murderers!" he raged, picking up a heavy iron poker. "Stay where you are. I'm calling the police!"

"I don't think it's necessary," someone said.

Bent saw a man in a blue coat and familiar white-banded cap standing by the hall doorway. It was Morris.

"Thank heavens you're O.K., doctor," said Morris. "We've been worrying for weeks, but we couldn't notify the police. It's against orders."

Bent didn't understand.

"Mr. Mudgett's twin brother prefers to keep the matter quiet—about Mr. Mudgett's being in Happy Vale. Whenever he escapes, we just comb the countryside until we find him. This time we traced him through inquiries sent to New York by Mr. Wombolt and Mr. Hooper."

"Isn't this man Albert J. Mudgett?" asked Hooper.

"That's his brother," said Morris.

"What about my money? He has swindled me out of fifty grand!"

"His brother will make good any losses," said Morris.

"Are you implying that the fellow is—insane?" faltered Wombolt.

"He likes to pretend he's a financier," nodded Morris. "A year ago he escaped in a laundry wagon, and before we caught him he owned two steamships and a fleet of tugs."

"I want my money," growled Hooper.

"You won't have to bother Albert for it," said Mr. Mudgett. "I instructed my broker to sell my Wombolt Cannery stock as soon as it reaches fifteen. The fifty thousand will be returned to you, and the twenty-five thousand profit will go to Dr. Jones."

"Do you think I'd let Jones marry my daughter after what has happened?" said Wombolt indignantly. "I think he's as screwy as you are."

"That's true," agreed Bent. "To prove it, I'm going to spill the entire story to the newspapers. Your business colleagues will be interested."

BOTH Wombolt and Hooper looked sober.

"I don't think this story should be made public, Claude," said Hooper. "Are you willin' to play along?"

"Guess I'll have to," sighed Wombolt. "The old gent got me to sign a paper giving Gloria a dowry of twenty-five thousand bucks."

Gloria laughed. "I think we're all crazy," she said. "I don't know what you other lunatics are going to do, but Bent and I are getting married."

"A capital idea," said Mr. Mudgett. "If Morris will permit it, I'd enjoy witnessing the ceremony."

"Well—" mused Morris. "No more tricks—promise?"

"No more tricks," said Mr. Mudgett. He winked at Bent, and the twinkle in his eyes seemed brighter than ever. ■ ■

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THE MAN WITH MY FACE

Continued from Page 25

on the beach at Santa Cruz trying to get a tan too quickly. When I was finished with breakfast it was a couple of minutes after seven. I decided to take the seven-twelve to the city, as usual.

I walked over to the S. P. station, bought a ticket, got a morning paper, and leaned against a post to read about the big man hunt. There was a cop moving among the commuters waiting for the train, and two local detectives I knew by sight were standing against the station wall taking in everything over their papers. I kept my paper low so my pink face was fully visible.

My car pulled up, Cora driving, the man with my face beside her, and the dog, Jiggs, in the back seat. The two detectives perked up. One of them took a step toward the car, then changed his mind as the other touched his sleeve.

The man with my face got out of the car. Cora said, "Wait a minute, Chick. I've got the grocery list here somewhere."

"I'm just getting a paper, dear." He got the paper and went back to the car, leaning an elbow in the window of the car as he scanned the headlines. "His picture's in the paper this morning. It sure looks like me, all right."

"You know how those newspaper cuts are," Cora said.

"But we saw him. He does sort of look like me."

Cora shivered. "Thank goodness we had the dog. Except for Jiggs, I think he had the idea of killing us and taking your place."

"That's what the paper says. I think it was Buster and Ethelene threw him off."

"Chick darling, be careful. He might try it again."

"He wouldn't try it again. Maybe they've got him by now."

The train was pulling in. The man kissed Cora. "By-by, dear. Remember, keep Jiggs with you all the time. Don't take any chances."

I GOT on the car behind him, and walked to the smoker. The man with my face was sitting in the third seat on the right-hand side, my seat, his ticket in his hat, reading the paper. I took the seat behind him.

I began reading the paper, to find out the details, but the car was warm and, for the first time since the thing began, I relaxed. I slumped in the seat, drowsing, and my mind fingered idly among the blocks that had fallen into place to form the wall of what I was up against. It was still something hard to believe, particularly watching the back of the man's head. No two humans could have ears like that. I felt like a fool. And I wanted to see Mary.

Every married man remembers another girl. He remembers her fondly, or with reservations. At the worst, she was part of youth, and at the best she is what might have been. Mary and I were engaged when I went into the army.

I'd knocked around since I was pretty much of a kid. I don't remember my mother, and I was ten when my father married again. It didn't work out for me, and two years later I was on my own. I was big for my age and passed as fifteen in getting a bellhop job in a small hotel. The next year I was seventeen in another hotel. I worked into the bookkeeping end of it, and I was calling myself an accountant at a hotel in Fresno when I got to know Walt Davis. He kept the books for the laundry which did the hotel's work.

WALT DAVIS was a nice guy, big and easygoing. We liked each other, and through him I met his sister, Mary. She seemed to be a nice girl, but it meant nothing to me. I didn't try to date her because she was Walt's sister.

We went places together, the three of us. Sometimes Walt had a date along and that made two couples, but I didn't take advantage of that. I didn't so much as kiss her good night.

Walt seemed to have a slave driver for a boss at the laundry, always demanding some report by the next morning, so, often when we had something planned for the evening, Walt would make last-minute excuses and I'd go with Mary. And on one such night we met Walt and a girl coming out of a show. Mary seemed embarrassed, but Walt and I just laughed, waved at each other, and went our separate ways with our separate girls. I'd been around.

Then I got my greetings. Mary and I had gone to a wrestling match and were walking back when I told her. When I got to the door of her apartment I said, "Well, I guess this is good-by."

She nodded, her head down, and said nothing. Then I realized she was crying quietly, and I was flabbergasted. "Now, that's no way to act. Guys go in the army every day, thousands of them."

Her face came up, smiling, tears in her eyes. "Every one of them has *somebody* to cry for them. Who else would for you, except me?"

Strange how that hit me. "Yeah, who else?" I'd never before felt alone. I'd been proud of being independent, with no strings on me. I could pick up and leave any place at any time. Who, of the girls I'd known, would shed a tear for me? And here was this kid I hadn't so much as put an arm around, bawling because I was going into the army.

"But why should it be you?"

"Sure, I'm just Walt's sister. But we had good times together. Good luck, Chick."

"Good-by." I shook hands with her and left.

The next afternoon I called around to the apartment. Walt answered the

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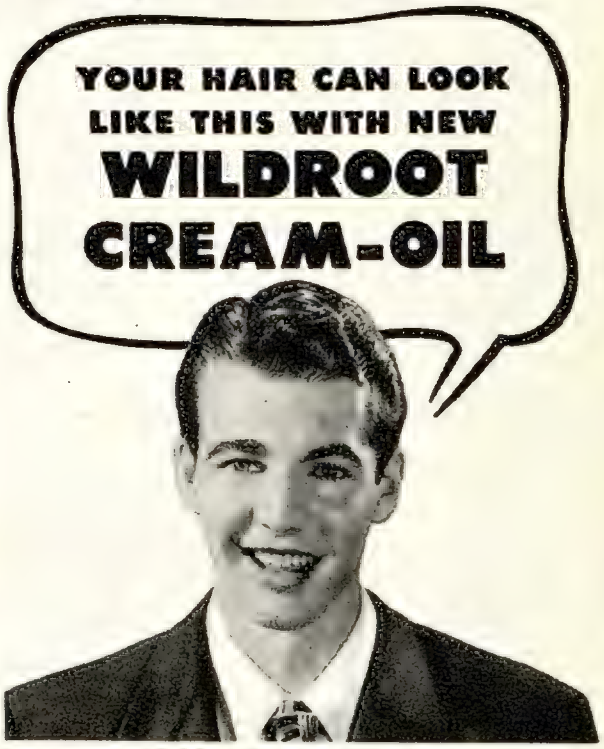

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door. "Say, I thought you were in the army."

"They give you a week to straighten out your affairs."

"Chick!" Mary cried, running to the door. She came into my arms. "Oh, Chick, I didn't know when I'd see you again!"

And so I had that week. Walking to the hotel the night before, after leaving her smiling but with her eyes sad, it had come to me as an astounding and unbelievable thing that I was in love. Crazy, of course; I wasn't the sort of man for that stuff. But that's the reason I'd come back to her after reporting for induction. There was a week.

It was a happy week, slightly desperate in happiness, for we counted the hours. At the end of the week she kissed me good-by at the railroad station. I knew she'd wait for me. She would wait until the end of time. And, except for Buster, I would have waited for her. I have no excuse for what I did, except that I was playing against a stacked deck.

I WAS a brand-new shavetail assigned to a newly activated ground-crew squadron—a noncom cadre and the rest raw rookies with the yellow tags still on their uniforms—when I met Buster. I was walking down the road toward the officers' club, feeling very important with my brass bars, when a chubby pfc. with a round face came out of the service club, stopped on seeing me, and saluted with his finger to his nose.

"Soldier," I said, "let's have a military salute."

Then he slapped me on the back and burst out laughing. I told him to stand at attention, and he shoved me in the chest. Some G.I.s were watching from the steps of the service club.

"You and you," I said to two of them, "take this drunk to his quarters."

"Yes, sir," they said, saluting smartly. They grabbed the pfc. and began bearing him away. The pfc. sobered and began struggling.

"Now, wait a minute, Bert!" he yelled. "A joke's a joke, but I might get in trouble!"

"As you were," I told the two G.I.s. The pfc. walked back to me. His round face was white with rage.

"O.K., Bert, if you've got the master-race complex. I was only kidding. I didn't know you was even in the army, and here I bump into you wearing brass. Hell, Bert, I was just saying hello. But if you don't want to be human, O. K., Lieutenant Rand!" He gave me a salute. "And you can go straight to hell, you stuck-up bastard!"

He obviously had mistaken me, ears and all, for somebody else. We went to a beer joint off the post and ironed the thing out. His name was Buster Cox, and he finally became persuaded that I was Charles Graham. That was that.

The following Sunday I was in the orderly room signing passes when a rush of whistling and wolf calling broke out. And then a girl came in, and what a girl! She wasn't merely pretty; she was a dream. She was the sort of thing most men don't get any closer to than a seat in a movie theater.

"I'm looking for Lieutenant Graham. They told me to come here."

"That's me," I said, conscious of my ears.

She gave me the big smile. "Could I see you a moment, lieutenant?"

"Certainly."

"I have a car outside."

I told the first sergeant to sign the passes, and went out with her. Her car was a red roadster, with the top down. As she got in, flashing a length of nylon, the whistles came again.

"I just wanted to thank you, lieutenant, for what you did for my brother. I'm Cora Cox. Buster is my brother—the pfc."

"That's not at all necessary, though I'm glad you called around."

"He might have gotten into serious trouble, treating you like that."

"He thought I was somebody else."

"But still he thumbed his nose at you, slapped you on the back, pushed you, and swore at you. Anyone else might have had him court-martialed." She made something special out of the "anyone else." "We were wondering if you would have dinner with us. Buster is awfully grateful, and I am, too. I'm on my way to pick him up, if you can get off."

And so I got to know Cora. She and the girl Buster was engaged to, Ethelene Crancall, had an apartment in town.

NOW, I won't make excuses for for what happened. I'm not whining. But it was a stacked deck. You can judge for yourself.

First off, Cora was there and Mary wasn't. And they don't come any more gorgeous than Cora. Or is the first thing that Buster became the squadron mail clerk? If I am weak, let me think that, anyhow. Let me think that if I'd had Mary's letters breathing their sweetness, nothing could have swayed me. Not even Cora.

Buster, of course, wanted to be in my squadron. Why do I say "of course"? That's correct, but not as I saw it then. I arranged his transfer, and he wangled the mail-clerk job. Because, he said, it carried a corporal rating. And I never did connect it up, the coincidence of him becoming mail clerk and the fact that Mary stopped writing. Not all at once. They were too smart for that. But instead of every day it was twice a week. Then once a week. Then once in a while. And then not any more.

I didn't have faith? I swallowed my hurt and my pride. I kept writing. I kept asking her if anything was wrong. She didn't get my letters, either.

If you were in the army, you know how easy that would be. The mail clerk picks the squadron's mail up from the APO in a jeep. He sorts it. He leaves the officers' mail in the orderly room and goes out in the squadron area and has mail call, standing on a porch or a barrel or in a jeep and calling the names of the G.I.s clustered around. Yes, it's against army regulation to tamper with the mail. But Buster was playing for high stakes.

I wondered if Mary had found another man. That happened every day. I wondered if somehow she had the long military address wrong. That happened, too. I wondered if the mail was snafu. That happened. But the last thing I would have suspected was Buster. You see, he was my friend. I thought he was my best friend.

AT first I wasn't exactly going with Cora. She was just Buster's sister, as Mary had been Walt's sister. The apartment was an awfully nice place compared to the officers' quarters. The four of us went to shows together, we had evenings together, we had dinner together. And all the while this gorgeous Cora was being nice to me. As Mary's letters became few and then none, Cora was being gorgeous and charming. I'm human. And what was I to think about Mary?

And just a few days before I got my overseas furlough I got the card. the G P O c5-10891 one, Form-22-B. The one that says USE THIS CARD TO NOTIFY YOUR CORRESPONDENTS OR PUBLISHER OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS. It advised me that Mary was moving from Fresno. The part that says NEW ADDRESS looked like it had been run over by a convoy of tractors. It was smeared with ink. It had been walked over and ground beneath somebody's heel. Well, I was sore. Of course I was sore. The new address wasn't legible. I tried to figure it out. She'd moved some other place in California. I could make out "California" as the last word. But the town was gone.

"Gee, that's a shame, Chick," Buster said. "I noticed it at the APO. I reamed the guy out there, even if he *was* a sergeant. But what the hell? I'll tell you what, Chick. Why don't you send a special-delivery air mail? It'll get forwarded, and she'll write right back. She's still got time."

"A wire's faster."

"Sure, but if she's moved, they'll forward the wire by ordinary mail. Your special-delivery air mail is the best bet. You want to write it now, I'll rush it right down. Give me a pass and I won't even go to the APO. I'll buzz into town and put it in the post office."

Buster was so helpful. He'd do anything to see that my mail went right—right where he wanted it. Right into his pocket. If this makes me out a chump, it's because you don't know Buster. That round face of his was more honest than a baby's. And he wasn't the kind of a guy who might lose your mail through carelessness. Buster had a passion for efficiency.

I got no answer from my special-delivery air mail. When the furlough came, I spent it with Cora and Buster and Ethelene. We all went to Yellowstone in the roadster. It was a swell trip. Cora was more beautiful and more charming every day. Every hour of every day.

I'm human.

We went to England. Away from Cora, I began thinking about Mary. I wrote her several times at her old address in Fresno, and got no reply. But I couldn't forget.

A year went by and another year went by. Grinding day by day in the mud and the fog, until even the United States of America became a vague and unreal dream. Another year went by, and Buster was there to talk about Cora. Cora was sending pictures. Cora calling me pet names. Cora was counting the days until we could be together again.

And Buster and I were going into business together after the war. It was Buster's idea. He had it all down in his little notebook, systematized. Cox and Graham, the Cogram System. We'd make a million.

I wrote Mary a last time, before we sailed for home. And I got no reply to that.

I went to San Francisco with Buster after being discharged. Cora and Ethelene had found an apartment on Haight Street. San Francisco was where we were going to make our million with the Cogram System. I didn't know whether or not I loved Cora. I don't know yet. But she was an awfully hard girl to ignore.

Buster and I married Ethelene and Cora in a double ceremony.

WE got a secondhand posting machine and a ratty two-roomed office. We had the door lettered:

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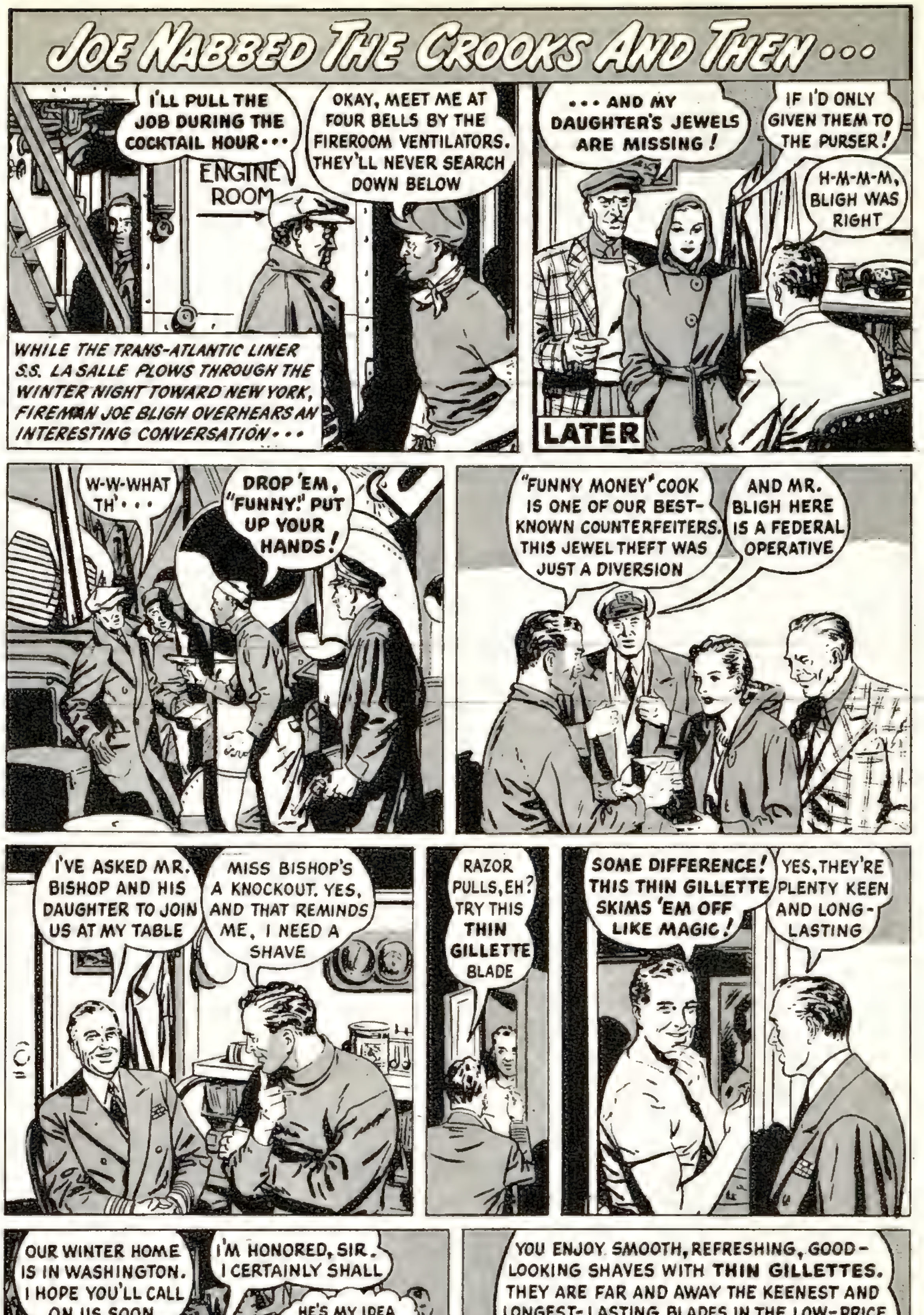
The idea was to keep the books of small businesses that were too big for the owner to do in his spare time and too small to afford a full-time accountant. The selling angle was that we'd save a business more in taxes than our service cost. We'd pick up all records once a week, bring them back next day entered on the books, and take care of all the statements and reports.

Cora and Ethelene took month about, taking turns sitting in the front office, purring over the phone.

Inside of three months I knew I'd made the mistake of my life in marrying Cora.

Not that I kept comparing Cora to Mary. I'd made my choice. I was of age. I'd been around.

It wasn't even that she was dishonest. At first I was amused when she'd produce a salt shaker or ash


JOE NABBED THE CROOKS AND THEN...
I'LL PULL THE JOB DURING THE COCKTAIL HOUR...
OKAY, MEET ME AT FOUR BELLS BY THE FIREROOM VENTILATORS. THEY'LL NEVER SEARCH DOWN BELOW
ENGINE ROOM
WHILE THE TRANS-ATLANTIC LINER S.S. LA SALLE PLOWS THROUGH THE WINTER NIGHT TOWARD NEW YORK, FIREMAN JOE BLIGH OVERHEARS AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION...
...AND MY DAUGHTER'S JEWELS ARE MISSING!
IF I'D ONLY GIVEN THEM TO THE PURSER!
H-M-M-M, BLIGH WAS RIGHT
LATER
W-W-WHAT TH'...
DROP 'EM, "FUNNY." PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
"FUNNY MONEY" COOK IS ONE OF OUR BEST-KNOWN COUNTERFEITERS. THIS JEWEL THEFT WAS JUST A DIVERSION
AND MR. BLIGH HERE IS A FEDERAL OPERATIVE
I'VE ASKED MR. BISHOP AND HIS DAUGHTER TO JOIN US AT MY TABLE
MISS BISHOP'S A KNOCKOUT. YES, AND THAT REMINDS ME, I NEED A SHAVE
RAZOR PULLS, EH? TRY THIS THIN GILLETTE BLADE
SOME DIFFERENCE! THIS THIN GILLETTE SKIMS 'EM OFF LIKE MAGIC!
YES, THEY'RE PLENTY KEEN AND LONG-LASTING
OUR WINTER HOME IS IN WASHINGTON. I HOPE YOU'LL CALL ON US SOON
I'M HONORED, SIR. I CERTAINLY SHALL
HE'S MY IDEA OF A HANDSOME MAN
YOU ENJOY SMOOTH, REFRESHING, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES WITH THIN GILLETTES. THEY ARE FAR AND AWAY THE KEENEST AND LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. ANOTHER THING, THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR RAZOR EXACTLY...PROTECT YOU FROM THE NICKS AND IRRITATION CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. ALWAYS ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
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tray or a piece of silverware when we left a café or bar. I didn't particularly approve, but many people have the souvenir habit. It wasn't that when I checked the bills which she never paid any attention to, I began to see that the new clothes and trinkets she was always getting weren't on the bills. I had a few horrible weeks of wondering who was giving her presents. And then I understood, the night she stole the fur coat.

We were at the Russian Room with Buster and Ethelene, celebrating two new accounts who had just walked in and dropped into our lap. A girl walked by in a fur coat and Cora's eyes seemed glued to it. "It's real," she breathed.

"Real what?" I said.

"Real what! That's as much as you care what I want! I'd give my right eye for that coat. Real what!"

When I was dancing with Ethelene, she said, "You're not getting along with Cora."

"I'm not kicking."

"No, you wouldn't. For better or for worse, in sickness or in health, through thick and through thin." She smiled wryly.

"How about you and Buster?" I said. Buster had been the great lover of the squadron overseas. He hadn't changed since coming back.

Ethelene shrugged. "It's merely a business arrangement between me and Buster. He's going to have a million dollars some day."

"Well, I'll be damned! You've certainly got faith in him."

She snuggled close to me. "I want things out of life. Everybody does. You tied up with Buster because you think he's going places."

"That's a little different."

"Is it? You're in business with him. I married him. We're both after the same thing."

We went back to the table, and I danced with Cora. Cora kept talking about that coat. She had to have it. When the dance was over, I tried to get her to go home. She wouldn't listen to it.

We had another drink, and I danced with Ethelene again.

"I've never seen her like this before," I said.

"No?" Ethelene smiled with superior knowledge. "You weren't going to marry her either, were you? She went out after you. She gets what she wants."

AND that brought up the real reason I knew marrying Cora had been a mistake. She didn't love me. That's a hard thing for a man to face, but I'd had to accept the fact.

"Why did she marry a dope like me?" I said.

"She saw a million dollars in you, Chick."

"Oh, hell." I thought Ethelene was kidding. She was telling me, if I'd had the sense to listen.

When we went back to the table, Cora and Buster were gone. We thought they'd visited the rest rooms. We ordered another round, and a girl came out of the ladies' room yelling, "Stop her! She's got my coat! Stop her!"

I met Ethelene's eye. I put a tip on the table and we began moving out, not too fast. At the check stand a smiling waiter asked us to wait until things were straightened out.

After a few minutes they let us go. The coat wasn't in the place. Somebody remembered a blonde going out with it on. Ethelene and I walked to her apartment. I guess we both needed the exercise.

"Will you drop in for a nightcap?" she said.

I nodded. I needed that, too.

Buster wasn't there. Ethelene poured drinks in the kitchen and brought them out. She said, "I guess he's over with Cora at your place, celebrating."

"Celebrating? My God!"

"Were you troubled with a thief after Buster transferred to your outfit?"

"Now, wait a minute."

"I understand Buster had a pretty good time overseas. He wrote about Scotch being five pounds a bottle. How did he do it on a corporal's pay?"

"He said he got money from home."

"From Cora?" Ethelene smiled.

I stood up. "That does it." We *had* been pestered with a thief. We'd always felt it was somebody from another squadron. The last man I would have suspected of it was Buster.

Ethelene caught my hand. "Sit down, Chick. You're in it. They're the way they are and you're stuck with it."

"I'm damned if I'll have a crooked partner."

"He's not chiseling on the business, Chick. And he won't. You're not worth it, yet." She put her glass on the coffee table and then her arms were around my neck. "And there's no reason why he ever should, Chick, when you are worth it."

That was pretty plain, as a proposition, and I was surprised. I didn't think Ethelene was in love with me; she was just unhappy with Buster, I figured, and I was around. It never entered my head that what she felt for me was something akin to the mother impulse which is deep in every woman. She was just doggone sorry for me.

WHEN I got to my apartment, Cora was wearing the coat and Buster was admiring it. Their eyes were glowing with triumph.

"Take that coat off!" I yelled. "Take that coat off!"

Cora stiffened. "Just a minute, Chick Graham. If you can't buy me what I—"

"Take that coat off before I tear it off!"

She took it off.

"We're going to mail it back to the Russian Room."

"Do you think I'm crazy?" Cora said.

I got my flight bag from the closet and began packing up.

"Chick, listen." Cora clung to me. "Chick, I didn't know you'd feel like this. Please, honey."

"Gee, Chick," Buster said, "if we knew you'd take it this way. Sure, we'll mail it back. Sure we will."

"O.K.," I said. "But now I'm telling you. If anything like this happens again, I'm through. If you don't like the way I am, now's the time to break it off."

They agreed. Hastily. Abjectly.

It never occurred to me that they couldn't afford for me to walk out.

IT was my marriage and I was going to make a go of it. From that time on Cora lived within our income. And she respected me, which was a big step.

I never did find out who the man was whom Buster had mistaken me for.

I came to feel that he was somebody they'd just as soon forget. If that was the case, why had Buster been so familiar when he thought I was that man? But I didn't dig into that. What reason? I really didn't know much about Buster and Cora and Ethelene. There was a cousin named Herb Cotter in Los Angeles, but I hadn't met him. They just never talked about old times.

That summer we got a G.I. house on the Peninsula, outside Redwood City, and I began commuting. One afternoon in the city, when I was dashing through the S.P. station for the five-twenty-nine and home, somebody yelled, "Chick! Chick Graham!"

It was a stubby guy with a blazing white shirt and a great spotted necktie, a modest plaid sports jacket in three colors, fawn slacks, and yellow shoes. I did a double-take and recognized the old commanding officer of my squadron, Major Jody. We clapped each other on the back until the five-twenty-nine was gone. He said he was in town overnight, and I said excuse me while I phone my wife so she won't be at the train to meet me.

I didn't invite him down without phoning Cora. She could be deadly to people she didn't like, and it seemed to me she didn't like anybody except Buster and Ethelene. I'd lost one of our accounts, back when we didn't have many, by inviting the man and his wife over for an evening. A neighbor who'd tried to get neighborly now wouldn't speak to us. If we saw anybody in the evening, it was Buster and Ethelene. They either drove down to see us or we went to the city to see them.

"Why don't you just have a drink with him?" Cora said when I called her. "Can you make the five-thirty-two?"

"But he's my old C.O. I haven't seen the guy since—"

"Well, go ahead and visit. How about the six-o'clock? That will give you plenty of time. I'll be at the station to meet it. By-by."

So I had a drink with Jody and told him my wife was under the weather or we'd have him down. I stumbled around, trying to explain.

"I'm tied up tonight anyhow," he said. "You married Cora?"

"Yes." Then I looked at him sharply. "What do you mean?"

"There was another girl. Mary Davis. She wrote to me."

"Mary wrote to you?"

"In her first letter she said you'd mentioned me. She just wanted to know how you were, if you were O.K., and so on. I wrote back and said you were. She used to write every once in a while. Just wanting to know if you were O.K."

It was a couple of minutes before I said anything. They were bad minutes. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"None of my business. If you didn't want to write to her, it was your affair. But I wondered. There was something about her letters that sort of hit me. She seemed such a nice kid. Never complained, never explained; just wrote to know if you were O.K. So I always thought, well, if I ever got out this way I'd look her up and say hello. That's what I'm doing tonight. I'm having dinner with her."

"With Mary? You mean she's living right here in San Francisco?"

He gave me an odd look. "Didn't you know?"

"Have you got her address?"

"It's in the phone book. Should I tell her I ran into you?"

I shook my head slowly. "No. No, I guess you'd better not. That's water under the bridge."

I caught the six o'clock train home.

Next morning at the office I asked Buster, "What happened to Mary's letters?"

"Letters? Did you leave some letters around here?"

"You know what I'm talking about. You were the mail clerk. You stopped those letters. My letters and Mary's letters."

"Chick," Buster said in that honest way, "maybe I was a rat to do that. But Cora is my sister. She loved you, Chick. I'd do it again, for her." That round honest face, that sincere manner. Such high motives.

I had a couple of bad hours after that, thinking what might have been. But it was done. Water under the bridge.

AND as I rode up to the city that morning on the seven-twelve, sitting behind the man with my face, I saw how nicely it all fitted in. And I really understood Cora for the first time. I knew why she didn't want me to have friends, except Buster and Ethelene; why she didn't want anybody too close to me, anybody who might get to know me too well and make it difficult for the man with my face to move into my place.

I had been building a spot for another man to step into. Making a perfect hide-out and a perfect alibi.

Yet who in a thousand years would suspect such a thing? It added up, afterward. When it hit me on the head and I was tossed out, everything fell into place. But even yesterday, Wednesday, my last day, I hadn't guessed. Looking back, yes. There had been something in the air.

To be continued in the next issue.

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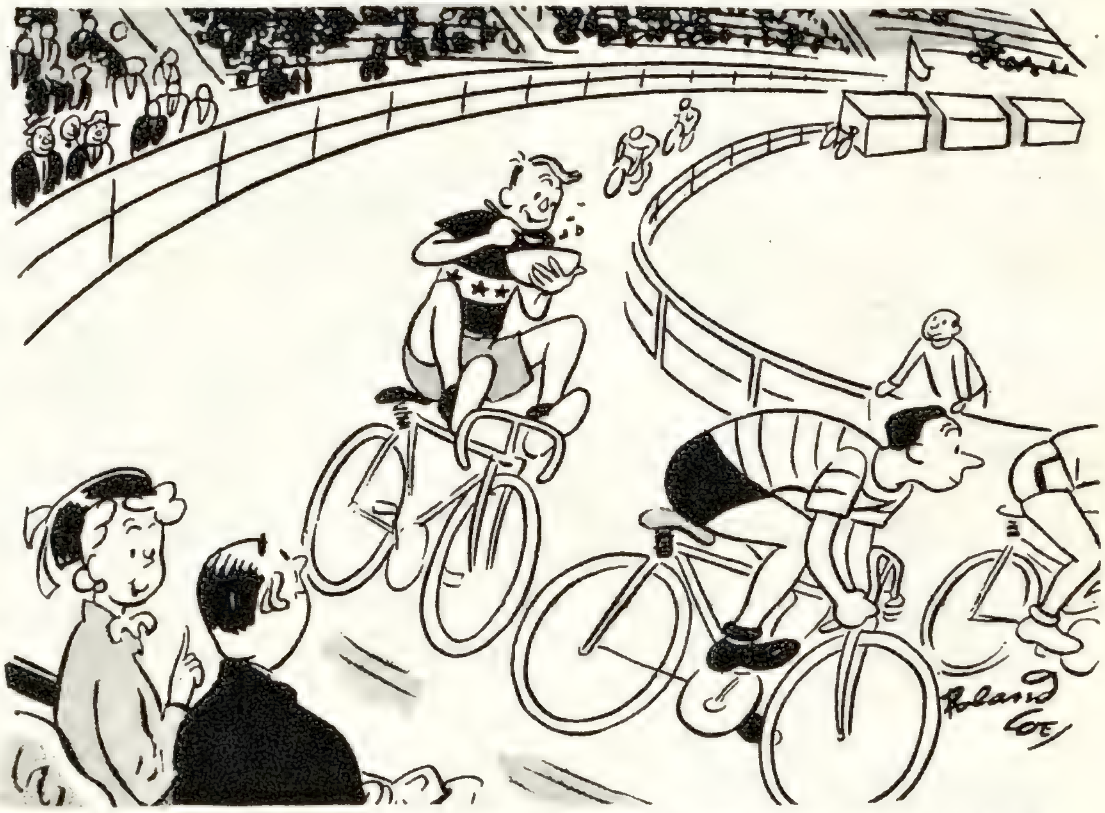

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A CERTAIN RICH MAN

Continued from Page 30

During the meal they consumed at the restaurant in Sixth Avenue, Martha tried to find a way of telling him about Don Roebuck. It was extraordinary how difficult this was—how she sought in vain for a natural opening, how his own flood of talk gave her no chance. He spoke of plans and hopes, but into them there came a quick, glinting criss-cross of references which lighted up some points in the past five years—names like Saipan, Toulon, Casablanca—and made her feel the reality of the long absence.

Most of all, she realized, the difficulty of telling him anything at all about Roebuck arose from the fact that she, herself, no longer felt it to be important. On the tide of her present happiness it had no place. That was what this was: happiness. This was the reality. It made her happy merely to look across the table at that preposterously handsome face, those brilliant light eyes in their dark frame: this was Bill, home again, and nothing else had importance, or, in truth, much reality. Whether she followed his discourse or not did not seem to matter, even to him; he was a little lightheaded himself from the tempest of the homecoming. Some words came into her head—they were from *Richard II* and she had once known them, but only a phrase or two arose at the call and she had to call on Bill for the rest.

"Funny that you should think of those lines," he said. "I did, every once in a while. It was because we'd played it at Cambridge, of course. But I did think of them sometimes when things were particularly disgusting around where I was. Up towards Murmansk, for example, some years ago."

He said the lines:

"The sullen passage of thy weary
 steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to
 set
The precious jewel of thy home-
 return."

His hands were enormous now, and very hard, calloused and broken. She liked to let her fingers slide over the terrible surface of his hands; it made her think of all the impossible hours, the storms and dangers of the troubled time, and of Bill fiercely set upon vanquishing them.

"What I said in my letter was true, just the same," she said aloud, leading into an area of silence with no reference to what he had just been saying. "That is, it's been a very long time. Five whole years since you went away. How can we go back as if these years had never existed?"

"We're doing it," he pointed out. "Did you have any hesitation when I came into your room? Did you even remember that I had never been there before? I did, only for one moment, just when I opened the door. Afterwards never again. You are my love." He paused and fixed her with his eyes so that she felt the embrace as if it had been real. "You are my only love," he said. "I have never loved anybody but you." He laughed suddenly. "I don't say I haven't looked around a little," he said. "And perhaps during this time there have been long stretches when you—well, faded out. You know that must be so. You said it in the letter. You said it even more strongly. But when I came back today I knew. You are my only love."

Her fingers moved delicately over the calluses on his hands.

"It's very rare," she remarked. "It's very rare indeed, but I think it may be true." She smiled at him without reserve: this is trust, this is everything, she said with her gray eyes. "I love you," she said very quietly. "This seems to be a point on which we can have no disagreement henceforth. My darling . . . We must go back to my flat. Have you any idea of what is going to happen? A friend—a friend is coming to see me. Are you prepared for that?"

"Of course I am," he said. "I read your letter." He picked up the change which the waitress just then brought. "I know what five years are. You haven't—you haven't had many friends, have you, kid?" He did not stop for an answer but pulled her to her feet. The restaurant was empty and he put his arm around her. Hers was a well-grown adult female body but his size made her feel very small and weak. "Kiss me," he said. "You'll forget them, whoever they are, won't you? Say yes."

She said, "Yes, darling." They went out and down the street.

ON the steps of her house Roebuck was waiting.

"Oh, Don," she said with a very successful air of tranquillity. "I'm sorry if you've been waiting. Do you know Mr. Mason—Mr. Roebuck? Have you been here long? Do come up and I'll give you some tea or a cocktail or whatever you want. Mr. Mason—Bill—is just back from the wars and we've been talking it over. Come along."

Mason made Landon Roebuck look small, too, Martha noticed, and wondered if the two men themselves realized. How little she knew about either of them, she thought; how little she could tell what went on in their heads! She talked in a steady, frightened monologue all the way up the stairs and into the little sitting room which had lately been the scene of such heady delights.

"The war's a thousand years ago," she said, "and on another planet. Or so it seems now. I can make a good Martini if that's what you want."

They said they wanted Martinis.

(*Continued on page 62*)

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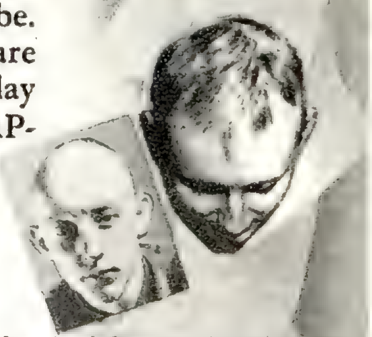

Left: Eldon Beerbower, Portland, Ore., as he looked after using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage for 8 weeks. *Right:* Eldon after 70 weeks use.

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Left: Howard Jones, taxicab owner, as he looked before using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. *Right:* Howard after 26 weeks use.

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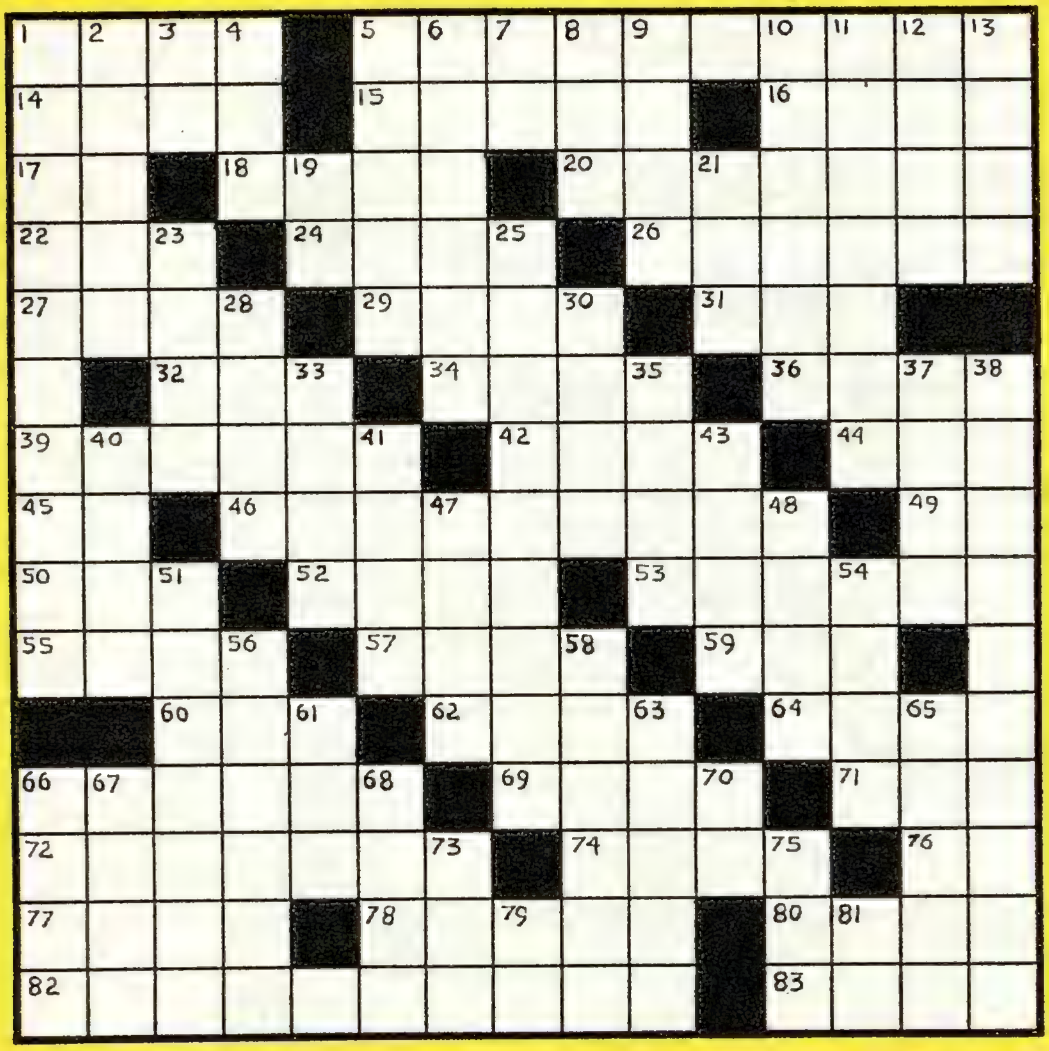
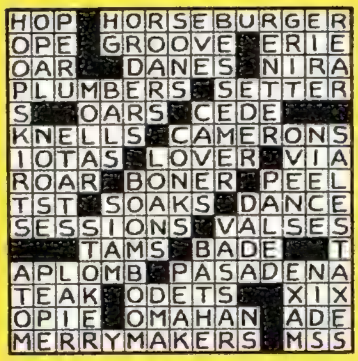
Puzzle 424 **BY TED SHANE** 3/1/48



HORIZONTAL

1 Young kernel's resting place (corny, eh?)
5 They lend enchantment to distances with their views
14 Would you call the present one of the peaces o' this?
15 Joe DiMaggio knows what this is
16 Mess up an MS.
17 yralubacov s'votoloM
18 Dole the glamorcards
20 1910 swing
22 %
24 Confucius say: Woman who keep this shut, catcheth man
26 The hindmost of the aforementioned
27 Go buy-buy, girls!
29 Maretriarch's sidekick
31 The Lip, kept buttoned in '47
32 Assassinate the peace of mind
34 Acted something tearable (simp. sp.)
36 MacLingo;—McLingo
39 Blockhouses, protection in cold war: Icecubicles
42 Homes for the fuzzy-wuzzies
44 If you do, your downfall is imminent
45 100½
46 Mouthpiece
49 That verb
50 Hole Winchell is constantly in
52 Solitary
53 Sectry of State under Garfield
55 Sewers put stress on this
57 Song of the Scissors
59 Causes lots of headshaking
60 Pinch
62 This takes considerable undoing
64 Lomond
66 Wolves know all of these
69 Grabba Handa Pi's manual password
71 Post time
72 Knocking the stuffing out of at the table (fem.)



HOP HORSEBURGER
OPE GROOVE ERIE
OAR DANES NIRA
PLUMBERS SETTER
S OARS CEDE
KNELLS CAMERONS
IOTAS LOVER VIA
ROAR BONER PEEL
TST SOAKS DANCE
SESSIONS VALSES
TAMS BADE T
APLOMB PASADENA
TEAK ODETS XIX
OPIE OMAHAN ADE
MERRYMAKERS MSS

February Answer

74 Focal point of oily diplomacy
76 Gee!
77 Russia has plenty, wants more? (Heaven's No!)
78 B.O.stracized
80 What Greenberg no longer hits a homer with
82 If applied vigorously with the palm to the rear, they will brighten up small unruly objects
83 Seatseatseatseatseat-etceatera

VERTICAL

1 Choppin's Oriental Cacophony for Two Fingers
2 Meat factory
3 The Cat, after a visit to Dr. Fixer
4 Dream boat
5 Pikers, compared to Stalin —*all* they wanted was Europe and Asia
6 Sissy doughnut
7 Hi!
8 It's sinful to
9 Beef cut off in its youth
10 Place where He and She progress to Heshe
11 MSS. Messrs.
12 Jack Frost's breath
13 esrever ni spiD
19 Filled the face in Brookalyn
21 A feminine necessity (masc.)
23 What labor was before unions
25 Place where mental midgets beat each other up for money while thousands jeer (two words)
28 Subpar athletic sharks
30 Epopee
33 Keystone Kriminal Kollectors
35 Mansion in a marble orchard
37 This holds you tight
38 He's now known as Dr. Ike U.
40 Club with which to beat the eardrums
41 Week-end losers
43 It gets the shakes in the cellar
47 Jerk of a quirk
48 Combination bean scratcher and polish holder
51 Babies in Brooklyn are taught to hate them
54 *Coin* an idol term (anag.)
56 Whose history is most Corregidorish? (Stationary aircraft carriers)
58 Pondering over closely
61 Boobs Emulate Ignoramuses (abbr.)
63 Though they're covered with rubber, they need constant changing
65 Desist, quit, and stop
66 First issue of Life
67 Bluebird, extinct since '33 (abbr.)
68 If you hit one, you may go into a nose dive
70 Household Forgotten Man
73 Greek Liverpaste's Indigestible (abbr.)
75 The thing pro tenni$ player$ are interested in
79 Best way to move
81 Old three-toes

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

(Continued from page 60)

She started to get out the ice and was conscious of the fact that they had, portentously, nothing whatever to say to each other.

"Come out and get the ice for me, Don," she said; and the moment she had said it she knew that it would infuriate Bill. It had a sound of intimacy, an air of reference to countless previous occasions. "Bill, you can look for peanuts and crackers and what not on the shelves there," she added hastily, and thus contrived to get all three of the bodies into the small alcove at once, where the awkwardness in the air was emphasized still further by physical collision.

THIS was awful, she thought as she took the shaker of cocktails into the room; this was worse than she had ever anticipated. The regular features of Roebuck seemed to have set into some kind of petrified objectivized silence. She wondered if, indeed, he was ever going to speak again. It was sheer luck that he had not brought a coffin full of flowers.

Bill asked, with heavy politeness, what Roebuck's service in the war had been, and was notably deficient in enthusiasm when he heard the Air Corps mentioned. There was the distinct possibility of some form of clash, actual physical clash, absurd though that might be, in the way they looked at each other.

"I used to think it was impossible to make a Martini with any kind of vermouth except one," she said brightly, "and it took a whole war and the loss of half a world to teach me that you could get on with substitutes. How does it taste?"

The bell rang, just as she was about to burst into tears from sheer inability to control her nerves any longer, and Nini Wells appeared. Nini's pouting face and enormous, expectant eyes, the motion of her hips all made up a character at variance with her intelligence. The situation was apparent to Nini at a glance; instead of illness, in fact, it was an amorous drama that accounted for Winsted's day of absence from work. And although Nini had come prepared for quite different ministrations, she now settled with a will into the task at hand.

"You look bigger than ever, Bill," Nini said, making it quite clear that their acquaintance was of ancient date. "Thank God I never went for these outsize Adonises myself. They make me feel insig-in-ificant, as the great actress used to say. I like something I can see all at once," she said, waggling her way across to Roebuck with exaggerated grace and sitting beside him on the studio couch.

In a few sentences, with her almost immeasurable gift for lurid illumination, she had made all their positions not only clear, but ridiculous, thus raising the general embarrassment to its acutest pitch. Martha cast about desperately for something to say.

"I hope I was missed at the settlement today," she said.

"You know you don't care whether you were missed or not," Nini said with fatal clarity and perfect composure. "You had other interests. I wouldn't go to the settlement house either under the circumstances. But I seem to be fated. I never have any excuse for staying at home." Her eyes rolled absurdly at Roebuck. "You don't believe me, Mr. Roebuck," she said, "I can see it in your face, but I assure you I'm true. Don't let the general improbability disturb you. I exist." Roebuck, who had hardly spoken since he entered the room, looked as if he would like to deplore this fact in explicit language. "I wonder why," Nini added.

"Oh, you're all right," Bill said, making a sudden effort. "You're just a Puritan, that's your only trouble. If you'd just guzzle a cocktail or two and relax a little you'd find things quite bearable. But you're too busy combining an early Christian interior with a Barbary Coast outside, and it sets up a tension. Have a drink, Nini."

"I think I will. The occasion," she said vaguely, "has to be marked."

The bell rang again and Martha started nervously. "Who can that be?" she said.

"You expected somebody else," Bill reminded her.

"Did I?" she asked, going to the door. "I don't know what's the matter with me . . . I can't think who . . ."

THE woman who appeared in the doorway was rather elaborately dressed and made up, a silver-fox sort of woman who gasped affectedly between sentences and embraced Martha as if the next moment might be their last. "Darling," she said, "how nice of you to let me come! I've been wanting to get down here for ages to see you . . ."

There was a note of friendly but distinct patronage in her voice, as if she had said in so many words: Here you are in your quaint hideaway but I've found you anyhow, you poor dear, and isn't it nice of me?

"Sarah!" The presence of a stranger might be of some help, Martha thought. "Come along and have a cocktail. Do you know Miss Wells, Nini Wells, who works with me at the settlement house? Mrs. Lemoyne. Mr. Roebuck. Mr. Mason. I don't know if you knew Sarah at Cambridge, Bill. We were at Radcliffe together. Sit down, my dear, and let me restore you with strong drink. Bill, would you get some more ice, please?"

A cheerful bustle was set up and had its uses; it concealed and to some extent even dispelled the uneasy antagonisms in the air. Sarah Lemoyne required exactly two minutes and four seconds to determine that the rather silent Mr. Roebuck to whom she was introduced was, in fact, the wealthy Landon Roebuck, and, mastering her astonishment with a firmness worthy of a better cause, she set forth to claim him for her own. This enterprise involved a quantity of chatter interspersed with references to what she supposed to be mutual acquaintance, and no matter how steadily Roebuck disclaimed all knowledge of the personages thus flung at him, she was undiscourageable.

Meanwhile Nini, having had two cocktails, was speaking in a tipsy, self-pitying voice without a trace of reticence. "Poor old Nini," she said, putting her hand on Bill's arm, "good old Nini. You knew you'd find her still around, didn't you, Bill?"

Martha tried to appeal to Bill with a glance, but he refused to meet her eyes. She rose and went to the alcove where the icebox was.

"Don, come and help me for a moment, will you?" she called. "Oh, excuse me, Sarah, I'll turn him back in a moment." When Roebuck had reached her side she said to him in as low a voice as she could manage, "Don, forgive me. This is awful. I know just how awful it is for everybody. I'm going to ask you to go away and take Nini with you. She's tipsy—I never saw her drink anything before and it's befuddled her. She might say or do anything. Take her home."

"You and I were to have dined together," he said steadily, lowering his voice but not to a point beyond audibility for the others in the room. "Do you remember? Is that off?"

"I'm afraid so," she said. "Oh, please, please, Don, do as I say and try to forgive me! I can't help it. Something has happened—something unexpected, something I didn't dream of last night. Last night . . . Please."

HE turned back into the room and carried out his orders without any attempt to disguise their nature.

"I've got to go now," he said abruptly. "Can I take you along home, Miss Wells? I'm passing your way, I think."

"Can you take me *home?"* she echoed, giving an effect of rakish abandonment difficult to justify on the basis of two cocktails. "Boy, I'll say you can take me home." She rose unsteadily and rolled her eyes at Bill. "So long, big boy," she said. "Ta-ta, Winsted, I've got a date." She walked to the door with concentration. "Good-bye, all," she said grandly, preceding Roebuck to the stairs.

"Well," said Mrs. Lemoyne, ruffled, "I must say . . .!"

"Oh, don't be annoyed, Sarah," Martha beseeched her, coming back into the room. "I did ask him to take her home, but you saw that she was getting tight. She's not used to it—she never drinks anything. Apparently it goes to her head in no time at all."

"You never told me you knew Landon Roebuck," Mrs. Lemoyne said, half chiding and half envying. "Sly one."

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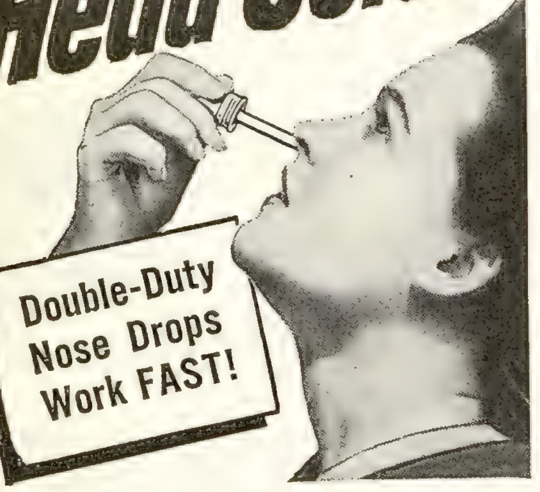

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"You never asked me," said Martha.

"So that's who it was," Bill said with a sort of large, contained violence. "Landon Roebuck."

"Didn't you know?" Martha asked, braving it out.

"I wonder if he'd come to dinner," Mrs. Lemoyne speculated. "You must bring him some time, dear. In fact" —she rose—"you and I don't see half enough of each other. I'll call you tomorrow or next day and we must fix a date. Mr. Roebuck is charming, I think. And your little house is sweet, darling. Thanks so much for the drink. Good-bye, Mr. Dayton." She went out.

"That silly dame in her silver foxes, and then your fawn-eyed millionaire," Bill said when the door had closed. "Between them they give me a strange idea of your life."

"They didn't even know each other. And she's never been here before. And I've only known Roebuck for six or eight weeks."

"Oh, they're no good to you," he said, taking her into his arms. "Don't you know, girl, that they're no use to you? I think I'd better marry you just to keep you away from the likes of them."

"You don't believe in marriage," she said, lying back contentedly.

"I don't. But on the other hand it's about the only way known to science by which you can brand a woman with your own brand, and serve warning on the neighbors. I think it's a savage survival, but if it's useful we might as well use it."

"The fawn-eyed millionaire, as you call him," she said, "is a friend. He is doing some rather great things, or some things which aim at a certain greatness. He isn't just hanging about and wasting time." She gave an account, brief and as fair as she could make it, of the plan for houses in Harlem, the result of her suggestion. "He's doing a good thing, and it will have a good result."

"Oh, the hell with his good results," Bill said. "What interests me is that he obviously thinks he's in love with you. Is he?"

SHE considered the question thoughtfully. "I know that he feels he's never known anybody like me. I think I've had a certain influence over his mind. I think he's tremendously taken with me, in some way, but I'm not quite sure what way it is. I doubt," she concluded, "if he is really in love with me, although it is possible that he thinks he is, at times."

"And what about you?"

She tried to be rigidly honest.

"I have a certain responsibility," she said. "I picked him up in the first place. We were standing next to each other in a bookshop and we got to talking. I had recognized him —he was one of the benefactors at a Visiting Nurses dinner just before the war—and I was curious about a man so rich. I've never known one. Nini put into my head some absurd ideas that I might use his power, or get him to use it, for useful ends. And then, after all, any girl likes to be admired and sought after, especially by an attractive man with such a place in the world." She responded to a slight pressure on her shoulders. "It wasn't ever like this," she said. "It was quite different. I was and am rather fond of him for some reason. I made up a phrase for it today, after—after you came back. It was the half-love of a half-life. That is what it was."

"Half is too much," he growled. "You'll just have to get over it. I'm here, and I'm going to stay." When she stirred in protest he modified this declaration. "I don't mean that I intend to move in on you. I've got a room, and I realize it might be awkward for you in some way. But I'm not going away again for a while, except for the little jaunt to Springfield to see my parents. I have work to do here and I'm going to do it."

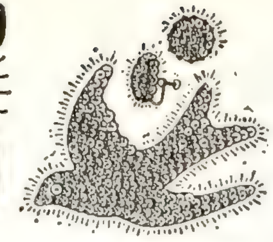
He was bent upon getting to work in the maritime union itself, to which he had now belonged for over four years. A happy quiescence held her motionless while he talked. Was it possible that she had ever contested these points with him, argued and fought him down on them? Just now she felt that she never wanted to oppose him again.

WHEN, hours later, he had at last departed to that room he said he had somewhere in the West Twenties, and the church bell rang twelve times from the corner, Martha took herself to bed. Since her tardy rising on that very morning the world had changed.

She was incapable of feeling sorry for Roebuck now, although she believed that would come; she was incapable, certainly, of feeling guilty about anything that had happened; it had all taken place according to the inner logic and determined course of things, whatever they might be. She knew very well that from some points of view—Roebuck's, if he did not understand—she had behaved abominably. She had a feeling that Nini was, or had been in that absurd and painful scene this evening, secretly censorious; even Bill might be angry if he knew everything.

But Martha told herself that none of them knew everything except herself, and none was therefore in a position to judge her. She had obeyed the laws of her nature. What she had done the night before was the result of pity and weakness, not of love; what she did today and henceforth was for love. She was quite clear about it. A lovely lucidity, like the brightest light of the summer moon, filled her whole being.

This was what she had awaited through the years, whether she had known it before or not, and she went towards it with quick, determined feet. ■ ■



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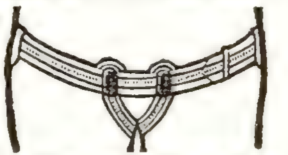

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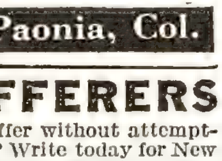
Here is an interesting view discussed by Representative Edward H. Jenison, Republican, of Illinois, who presents some interesting figures to prove his contention. He also lists seven Republican nominees who never came back after defeat. It is well worth reading in the April issue.



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HOW THE F.B.I. FINDS DISLOYAL GOVERNMENT WORKERS

Continued from Page 13

tests for loyalty, however!

The President's loyalty order applies only to government employees and applicants for government jobs.

The loyalty of federal employees is of the utmost importance. The Communist Party would highly prize members and fellow travelers when they are able to secure key government jobs. They would be in a strategic position to carry on espionage, influence policies, spread propaganda, recruit followers, and get other Reds into the federal service.

Among the loyalty first tests are these: Has the person engaged or tried to engage in sabotage or espionage, or knowingly associated with spies or saboteurs? Has he advocated or engaged in treason or sedition? Has he advocated revolution or force or violence to alter the constitutional form of our government? As a federal employee, has he intentionally and without authority disclosed confidential information in circumstances indicating disloyalty? Or in performing his duties, has he put interests of another government above those of the United States?

Another consideration is a man's associations. Does he belong to or associate sympathetically with known subversive groups? Among the organizations designated by the Attorney General under the order are the Communist Party U. S. A., the Ku Klux Klan, and the Columbians.

THE President's program is designed to eliminate disloyal persons now in the service and to keep others from getting in. Under the order, the Federal Bureau of Investigation is checking the names and fingerprints of all employees in the executive branch of the government against its files. The great majority, as was expected, show no unfavorable record. The names of several thousand government workers are being examined and cleared each day. Some evidences of disloyalty are being found. The number of disloyalty investigations is bound to reach a substantial figure by the time the survey covers the 2,000,000 persons on the federal payroll.

If its files indicate disloyal activities by any federal employee, the F.B.I. makes a full field investigation, going deeply enough to establish the truth or falsity of the allegations, and report the facts to the government department employing the person for such action as it cares to take. The facts may justify the employing agency in firing the worker, or establish that he is entirely innocent and has been the victim of gossip or mistaken identity.

Responsibility for employee loyalty rests with the various departments, and the F.B.I. merely does

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the investigating. Each department and agency is required to have a loyalty board from whose decision the employee may appeal first to the department head and then to the Civil Service Commission's Loyalty Review Board. Special legislation has also given the "sensitive agencies"—State, Army, Navy, Air Force and Atomic Energy Commission—authority to dismiss disloyal employees summarily.

The case of Miss A shows the damage Communists can do. In 1945 and 1946 she was assigned to duties that gave her a chance to interview veterans returning from service. She told them they didn't know what they had been fighting for, that they weren't returning to a bed of roses, and that they were in for a surprise if they expected good jobs and pay. She was so rabid that her friends cautioned her. The F.B.I. inquiry proved that she was a Communist Party member. When interviewed, Miss A denied party membership, or indeed any Communist activity. She did admit having heard of the Communist Party, and finally acknowledged that she was a member of American Youth for Democracy, which is successor to the Young Communist League.

Formally charged with Communist Party membership and activities, she refused to face the loyalty board in her department and submitted her resignation. This document was a harangue typical of the Communist line. "I refuse to continue any employment that levels charges against me," she wrote. "I will therefore not appear before the loyalty board because I know that under the Presidential order a person is guilty unless he can prove to the board he is innocent. I know of nothing in the Constitution of the United States which allows such a procedure."

The Communist Party is not a political party, but an international conspiracy, and its active members place alien ways of life above their citizenship obligations to the United States. Naturally they and their sympathizers were the first to raise cries of "witch hunt" and "Red baiting," and are doing their best to block the loyalty program. Some sincere citizens, too, are afraid that the loyalty order and its administration are threatening civil liberties.

A government job is a matter of privilege and not of right. Misunderstanding of this point has led to much of the current nonsense voiced about the program. The late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes put it very neatly in 1891 when he was a member of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. A New Bedford policeman, discharged for prohibited political activity, had petitioned for reinstatement. In turning down the application, Justice Holmes remarked that "the petitioner may have a constitutional right to talk politics, but he has no constitutional right to be a policeman."

The F.B.I. takes great care not to violate personal liberties. The special agents are instructed that their mission is neither to "get" nor to "whitewash" anybody. They make every effort to avoid throwing suspicion on innocent persons. The Bureau is strictly a fact-finding agency. It makes no recommendations or conclusions, and does not prosecute. The agents don't accept unsupported charges. One suspicious citizen reported that he was sure a neighbor of his, a government employee, was a Communist. Asked his reasons for believing so, he said that whenever the man left his apartment he deliberately walked on the grass, although a sign said plainly "Keep Off the Grass." The most dangerous Communists in positions of trust conduct themselves with propriety in small things, and are smart enough not to invite attention by breaking ordinances.

THE mere fact that a federal worker once joined an organization that has turned out to be subversive is not of itself proof of disloyalty. Many Communist fronts publicly espouse aims with which nobody can quarrel, and carry in their titles words like "American," "Democratic" and "Peace," so that many innocent persons are led to join.

For example, in checking the names we ran across that of Miss B, who had been a delegate to the national convention of the American Youth Congress, which was declared subversive by the Attorney General under the Hatch Act in 1941. She had indeed attended the convention, the investigation showed, but throughout her whole life there was no evidence of any subversive activity, and the F.B.I. presented facts to her employing agency that thoroughly established her loyalty.

Continued and knowing association with such groups, "flipflopping" to follow the Communist Party line, and open activity, like distributing literature, have given questionable background in many other cases.

The process of weeding out disloyal persons in the government be-

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gins when a questionnaire is made out for each worker on the payroll. This lists his present government connection, personal identification data, etc. This is sent to the F.B.I. with the employee's fingerprints. If they show nothing in the F.B.I. files that reflects on his loyalty, his agency is so notified, and that is the last of the matter unless information or a complaint about him is subsequently filed with the F.B.I. Sometimes these check-ups uncover fingerprints which were taken in a routine way in connection with previous jobs.

Similar questionnaires and sets of fingerprints covering applicants for jobs are sent to the F.B.I. for checking by the Civil Service Commission. The Commission looks into the records of military and other departments, the local police, schools and colleges, and consults former employers and references given by the applicants. If allegations of disloyalty are developed, the case is then referred to the F.B.I. by the Commission for a full field investigation.

Complaints and information filed with the F.B.I. in the past have turned up at times positive proof of subversive connections without resulting in any action by the departments in which the subjects were working.

If any of these persons are still on the payroll, the inquiry will be reopened in the loyalty check.

Take the case of Mr. C, the holder of an important government position who was recruited by the Communist Party in December, 1943. He was assigned a party membership card on January 2, 1944, and we had its number. The next month, our investigation showed, he was busy recruiting new members, and agents recognized him at various meetings during the year. Under questioning, he admitted Communist Party membership, but only from February to July, 1944. The claim of having quit the party was untrue, and we so reported to Mr. C's department. The department, nevertheless, decided there was no basis for further action against him.

SINCE 1945 the Communist Party has operated on two levels. On the upper, or open, level are the admitted members of the party. The lower level, or underground, was devised to conceal members in key occupations—government, public utility, educational, and so on. The underground consists of a number of parallel groups whose size and membership are known only to a few top-ranking party members.

In the fall of 1946, members holding government jobs were ordered into the subcellar. Instructions were sent from party headquarters to dissolve all parallels comprising government workers. Cards were ordered destroyed and their issuance was discontinued. The group heads were told to function in an informal manner and to make only occasional contacts with party leaders in New York City and elsewhere.

These undercover Communists in government may see one another occasionally at a dinner or social gathering, or a pair may meet as if accidentally on the street and walk together for a couple of blocks, dropping in somewhere along the way for a cup of coffee or a drink. These maneuvers have all the trappings of a spy melodrama.

Many suspected persons resign under investigation without waiting for departmental trials. One government agency questioned the loyalty of an employee because in 1934 he had made pro-Russian statements. That is a good many years ago, and his later record might have cleared it up. The investigators got as far as verifying the fact that he had made such statements in 1934, when he resigned. There was nothing to do but close the case.

OFTEN the source of allegations is vindictive. For example, charges were recently made that Mr. E, a skilled technician on a very confidential project, believed in the philosophy of National Socialism, was sympathetic to Germany, and had argued that the history of the United States paralleled that of the Reich. He had been born in Yugoslavia and had been naturalized here. The source of the charges could not cite any overt act. A number of Americans who had known Mr. E ever since he came to the United States told our agents that he was loyal.

It developed that the informant was prejudiced against foreigners, and disliked Mr. E in particular. He had concluded that since Mr. E had criticized President Roosevelt and other government employees, he must be a Nazi.

Often the F.B.I. cannot reveal the source of its information because that would cut off further valuable data about the same or other cases. Sometimes the informant, for his own reasons, asks that his name be kept out of it, and the F.B.I. has to respect his confidence or the government would be deprived of his information. If he were called as a witness at a departmental trial, he would not be protected by a subpoena, as he would be in a court. When an informant's name cannot be used, the agent evaluates the reliability of the source.

So far as possible, oral information of a derogatory nature is reduced to writing and signed. If necessary, it can be passed on without a signature.

Although the F.B.I. work is done with impartial thoroughness, it is most gratifying to me to be able to clear a person's name. The case of Mr. F, who holds an important job, is unique. He appealed for an F.B.I. investigation because he thought the fact that he had a Communist brother would bring him under suspicion in the loyalty inquiry and embarrass his agency. The brother had put him through college, and

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Mr. F had paid the debt by setting his brother up in business. A complete investigation, going back to his college days, disclosed that Mr. F had a very creditable civilian and war record, and had often tried to change his brother's viewpoint.

A report to the agency for which he worked fully established his loyalty.

The employee loyalty investigation is only one phase of the F.B.I.'s security operations. It also investigates espionage and sabotage, applications for Atomic Energy Commission jobs, and violations of the Atomic Energy Act. In all its security work it places great reliance on the co-operation of loyal Americans. ■ ■

TOUCHES THAT TEMPT

Continued from Page 39

morning. And if you were to watch her work, you would notice that just before putting biscuits into the oven to bake, she picks up a pastry brush and coats them with a tablespoon each of blended egg and milk, or the cookies with a swish of slightly beaten whites, or piecrust tops with cream, or rye rolls with a strong solution of salt and water. (Remember this last trick when you heat baker's rolls.) Such little tricks, but they lift cooking from drudgery into art.

WHEN a woman works with such directness she communicates a vitality to kitchen activity that inspires such adventures as broiled grapefruit bubbling and brown with honey, cinnamon, and butter or margarine; or pancakes served hot *off* the griddle (instead of stacking, which makes them soggy); or hot oatmeal taken up the very second before eating, and salted just enough in the cooking.

Dinners become exotic by the magic of so simple a thing as a garnish of prunes simmered in a spiced vinegar syrup (as for pickled peaches), maybe to dramatize the goodness of a platter of glazed pork chops. The chops not merely stuffed and baked, either, but each chop seasoned with salt and pepper and mustard, then placed in the oven and sprinkled with a tablespoon of brown sugar on each chop, and when they are glazed a tempting brown, a half cup boiling water mixed with a teaspoon Worcestershire sauce added to the oven roasting pan, and the chops baked to a luscious tenderness.

Yes, this talent is a thing to give new meaning to deeply browned spareribs and sauerkraut seasoned with caraway seeds; scalloped potatoes with a lingering of nutmeg; tea made in a hot, hot pot, and with galloping water, and served with lemon wedges cut lengthwise (so they will squeeze and not squirt);

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vegetables cooked just enough, no more, with the age-old wisdom of the Chinese; green beans lusty with savory, peas subtle with mint, tomatoes with basil, carrots characterful with chives; chicken fried golden brown, crisp, yet tender, not only with salt and freshly ground pepper but a little ginger, too; the cream gravy unforgettable for the rosemary that seasons it. Ah, yes, this is food to be remembered, and whether you get it at home, at Aunt Mary's, or where you will, you'll know it by its rightful name. It's often called home cooking, but it is, in truth, the best this world has to offer.

It could well be at one of my favorite restaurants on Michigan Avenue, the Wrigley Building Restaurant, a stone's throw from where I work. Many radio people gather there at noon, as do newspaper reporters and workers from the advertising world. And the same good talent that makes a woman turn out platters upon platters of honest, economical viands also lures epicures from all over the world to dine here. The Wrigley Building Restaurant has been credited with being one of the top three restaurants in the United States. The reason is not hard to find.

ARNOLD SHIRCLIFFE, who manages this restaurant, does it with much the same vitality as does a woman cooking for those she loves. As a matter of fact, Mr. Shircliffe didn't start out to be a food expert. He began studying medicine, and, like many young men of our time, got married while still in school. But in those days that meant giving up studies and going to work. So he turned to making his living, working with food, but still holding to a doctor's zeal to aid mankind. I guess he knew there are few things in this world so bad that a good meal won't make them seem better. And after fifty years in the restaurant business he still wants to return to college and take that doctor's degree. Oh, not for the money he could get out of the profession, but for what he could do for humanity. And knowing food as he does, that is plenty. The author of many cookbooks, Mr. Shircliffe can talk about gourmet specialties with the same excitement a world traveler will recount adventures on exotic shores. Moreover, he knows a great deal about nutrition, too. But it's the kind of nutrition that is wrapped up in good eating.

Nor do his gourmet dishes depend on cost of ingredients. Often they feature those that are rock bottom in price. We were talking about this one day, when he turned to his secretary, Teresa Heraty, and asked how had the broiled pigs' feet and oven-browned sauerkraut taken hold. When she replied, "Every bit went like hot cakes," he said, "Ah, that is good. That is a dish for you."

And again, the trick of turning it into a gourmet specialty that is worth the dollar price tag on the right-hand side of the menu card is so simple a thing as breading and broiling the pigs' feet, and browning the sauerkraut in the oven, accompanying it with tangy mustard sauce.

The Recipe

To prepare pigs' feet, start with simmering salted water to which have been added a small onion, a few slices of carrot, and a sprig of celery. Cover the pan, and simmer slowly until tender. Mr. Shircliffe says to cook the pigs' feet until you can pinch the meat between index finger and thumb. When your thumb goes clear through, that is tender enough. Now chill them. Split in two with a knife. Dredge with seasoned flour or crumbs. Then brush with melted butter. Brown under a slow broiler to heat through thoroughly.

Now about the sauerkraut. Drain well. Spread out in a roasting pan, sprinkle with melted butter or with bacon fat. Season with salt and pepper. Brown in the oven, turning the kraut so that it is brown throughout. You have never eaten sauerkraut until you have tried this.

That mustard sauce is something you should know about, too. It is wonderful for mainstay dishes. Mr. Shircliffe uses the stock in which the meat was cooked. Use the proportion of one half meat stock and one half milk. The stock must be skimmed and strained, then brought to the simmering point. The milk is likewise brought to simmering point in another kettle. Then make a roux, as Mr. Shircliffe would advise. (A woman would say blend butter or fat and flour.) For six people, melt two level tablespoons butter, add two level tablespoons flour and stir both until smooth and slightly brown. Then whip in one cup scalded milk and one cup hot meat stock. Season with salt and pepper (about one teaspoon salt). Cook thoroughly and stir to a smooth consistency. Finally, add two level teaspoons English mustard blended with a little water so it won't lump. Strain and serve. This is a fine and simple sauce. It is good for grilled tripe, brisket of beef, ham loaf, all bland foods, and fish loaves. Of course, for fish you would use the stock in which the fish was simmered.

Peasant food? Yes. But it has done its share building sinews of nations down through the ages. ■ ■

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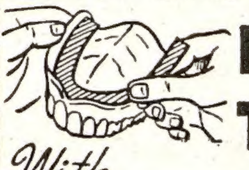

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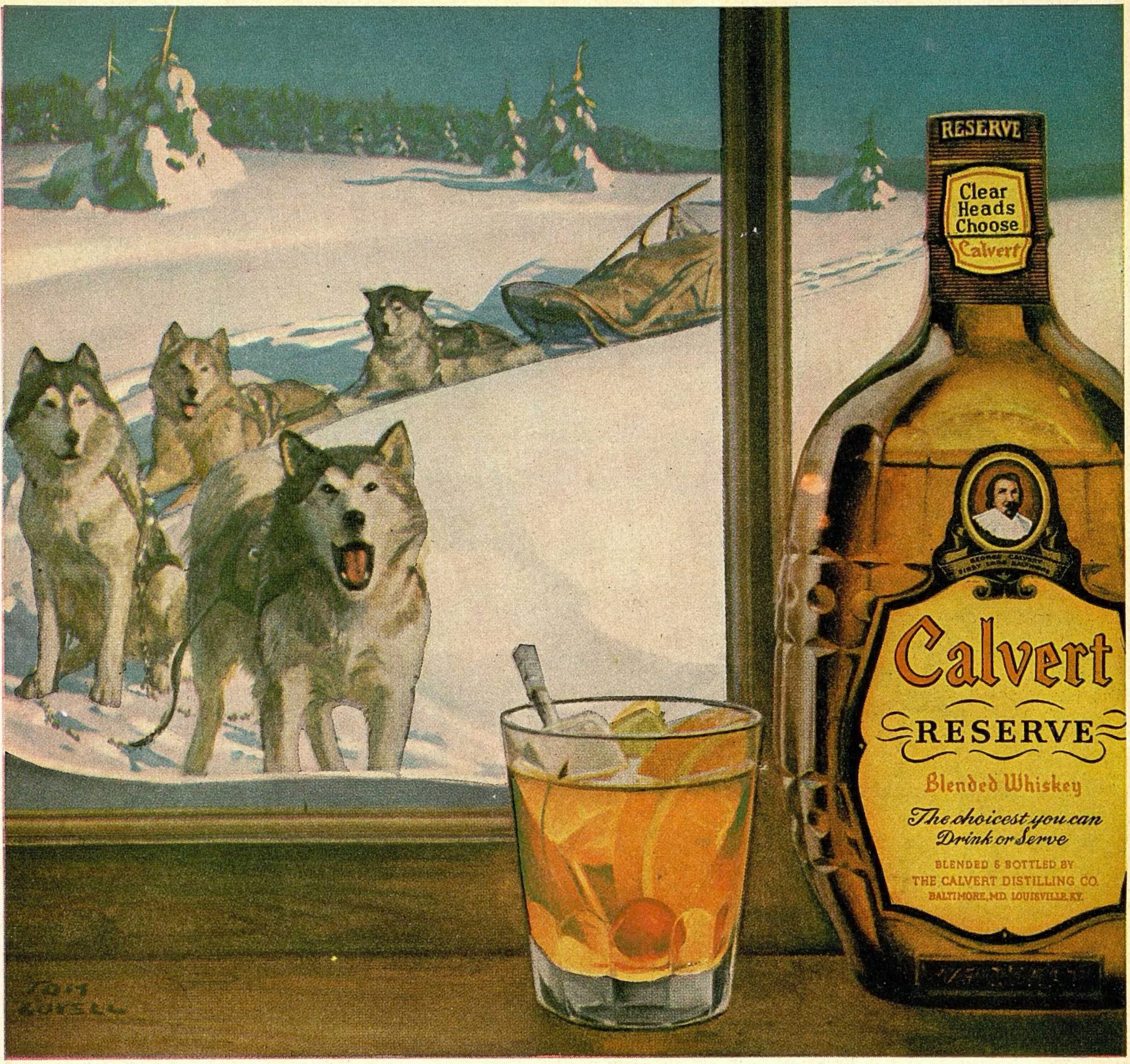
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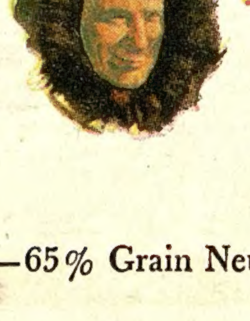

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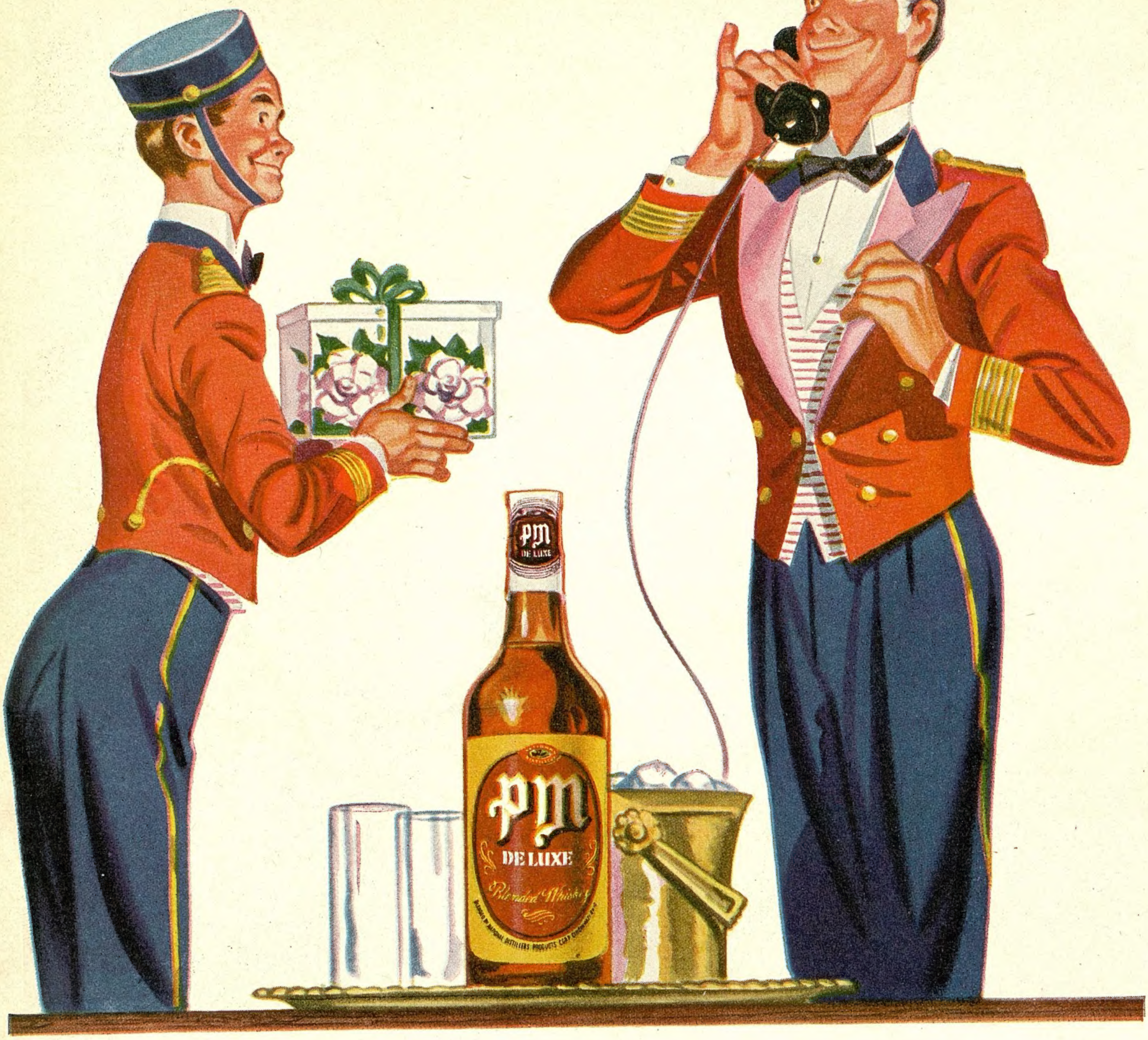
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